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Pro-Slavery.

WAR UPON NORTHERN METHODISTS IN TEXAS.

THE METHODIST CHURCH NORTH TO BE DRIVEN OUT OF FANNIN COUNTY—TROUBLE AHEAD.

From The Bonham (Texas) Independent, March 19.

At a meeting of the citizens of Fannin, held at the Court-house in Bonham, on Saturday, the 12th instant—

On motion, Dr. Hoffar was called to the chair, and John M. Crane was appointed Secretary.

On motion, Gen. Green was called on to state the object of the meeting. He stated that an organization, known as the Northern Methodists, existed in this county; that it was gradually increasing in strength by accessions of members and preachers from the Northern States, and was becoming so strong as to endanger the security of our slave property; that the avowed object of this Church was the extirpation of slavery, and that their organizations were but so many agencies of the North, designing its ultimate abolition among us; and in proof of the ground assumed towards slavery he called on Mr. DeLisle to read a series of resolutions from official documents of the Maine Conferences of the Northern Methodist Church, that were adopted at their annual meetings in 1858. The first series of resolutions were adopted by the Maine Conference, and the second by the East Maine Conference.

General Green then proceeded by stating that one of the preachers of this denomination (Joe Logsdon), on hearing these resolutions read on the street, publicly proclaimed his endorsement of every article, and further, "that they could not be engaged in putting down a greater evil." He stated that the citizens felt insulted and outraged by such proceedings, and had assembled to take measures for the removal of this nuisance from the county.

Judge Samuel A. Roberts, being called for next, came forward. He was astonished at finding an association of men in our midst professing such sentiments. He could not have heard one of them endorsing such resolutions without striking him to the ground. He felt satisfied, from the resolutions passed by their different Conferences at the North, what the sentiments of their Church were, that they differed from the Methodist Episcopal Church South only on the slavery question, and that this organization coming here from the North, and presided over by Northern men, must necessarily be endeavoring to carry out the same ends as the Church of the North, and hence should not be tolerated by the people. He further stated that he was never in favor of mob law, but it was necessary that the people should take some decisive measures; let them act mildly, but firmly.

R. P. Tarleton then moved that a committee of three be appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of this meeting and of the citizens generally. The motion was carried, and the following gentlemen appointed by the chairman—Gen. Green, Judge Roberts and John M. Crane.

During the absence of the committee, Wm. Wood, Esq., was called for and came forward. He entered into a discussion of the feelings of the Abolitionists towards the slaveholding portion of the South, and their utter disregard for all law when intervening between them and the prospects of their abolition schemes. He enlarged on their conduct towards the Southern people in the late Kansas war, and mentioned some thrilling instances that came under his personal observation as a participator in that struggle, and closed by urging the people to adopt decisive measures towards those in this county, and drive them from our borders.

L. C. DeLisle, Esq., spoke next, and, after reading several of the resolutions adopted by the Northern Methodist Church, devoted a short time to a lucid exposition of the policy pursued by the Northern Abolition Societies, in sending their "wolves dressed in sheep's clothing" among us, professing to preach the Gospel, but in reality to spread abolition documents among the people, and endeavor to abolitionize the country; that all their operations were carried on in the "Underground Railroad system"; that if we waited to catch them in the overt act, we might wait until it was too late, as did the people of South Carolina and Virginia before the fearful negro insurrections that took place in portions of these States, instigated by the emissaries of the Northern Abolition Societies. He believed those in our midst to be but spies and forerunners of the invading army of abolitionism, and mentioned the peace and safety that resulted to the people of Marion County, Mo., from routing just such a nest that had organized in their midst.

Dr. P. Dakin next came forward, commented on the resolutions that had been read, and thought the time had come when it was necessary that the people, in self-protection, should put down such organizations, henceforth and forever.

S. D. Rainey, Esq., was loudly called for and came forward. He endorsed all that had been said on the subject. He believed they were derogatory to our best interests, and that they were exciting an influence that had better be nipped in the bud, or it would yet cause us trouble.

Dr. Reed, on being called for, stated that he heartily endorsed all said on the subject by the speakers that had preceded him, and for his own part would not feel contented with anything short of placing the entire organization across Red river.

B. F. Christan was next called for, and came forward and strongly advocated the policy of immediate and decisive action against the organization.

The committee appointed to draft resolutions now returned, and the chairman presented the following resolutions, which were adopted unanimously:

Whereas, as a secret foe lurks in our midst, known as the Northern Methodist Church, entertaining sentiments antagonistic to the institution of slavery, and the manifest intention of whose Northern conductors is to do away with slavery in these United States; and whereas the further growth of this enemy would be likely to endanger the perpetuity of that institution in Texas; and whereas sentiments diametrically opposed to the interests of the South have been this day publicly proclaimed upon our street by a minister of said Northern Methodist Church; therefore, be it

Resolved, 1. That the Methodist Church having separated into divisions North and South, the organization of a Northern branch of that Church in our midst, as a screen behind which to hide the emissaries of a Northern political faction known as Abolitionists, is dangerous to our interests, and ought not, therefore, to be tolerated by the people of Texas.

2. That the public denunciation of the institution of slavery, and the public assertion by a minister of their Church to the effect that the Northern Methodists designed the extirpation of that institution in our land, heard in our streets this day, was a gross insult to our people, and should be boldly and summarily resented.

3. That the teachings and preaching of the ministers of that Church do not meet the views of the people of Fannin, and must therefore be stopped.

4. That a committee be appointed to memorialize the Legislature to pass laws to punish the utterance of such seditious sentiments as are mentioned in resolution 2, and that other counties be earnestly called on to consider the matter.

5. That a suitable committee be appointed to wait on the Bishop and Ministers now in Conference assembled, on Timber Creek, in this county, and warn them to withhold the further prosecution of said Conference, as its continuance will be well calculated to endanger the peace of this community.

6. That our motto is: Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.

The following resolution was presented by B. F. Fuller, Esq., which was appended, and made part of the above:

7. That we hereby bind ourselves to co-operate in the future to do all we can to suppress abolitionism in our midst, and that henceforth we will suffer no public expression of abolition doctrines or sentiments in our streets or county to go unpunished.

It was moved by Dr. Reid that a committee of fifty responsible men be appointed by the chairman to wait on Bishop Janes and the ministers in Conference assembled, at Timber Creek Church, on Sunday, the 13th of March, and read to them the resolutions adopted by this meeting, and to order the discontinuance of their meetings in this county henceforth and forever.

A meeting, pursuant to adjournment, was held on Monday, March 14, Dr. H. H. Hoffar in the Chair, and L. C. DeLisle, Secretary.

On being called, Judge Samuel A. Roberts, chairman of the committee appointed to read the resolutions adopted at the last meeting, to Bishop Janes, and the ministers in Conference assembled on Timber Creek, reported as follows: That, in conformity with the instructions of the meeting on Saturday, the Committee met on Sunday morning, at the Bonham Court-house, and thence proceeded to the place of holding the Conference. On their arrival at the Church worship had commenced, and the committee was informed that as soon as service was ended, the Conference would disperse; that this was the only opportunity to be had of presenting the resolutions to them as a body. Consequently we entered the house after the prayer was over, and read the resolutions to the Bishop, and told him that we would expect a categorical answer; in two hours after the expiration of which time, two of their preachers (Carlisle and Hatley) reported that they were authorized by the Conference to answer that they would cease their ministerial functions until their next quarterly Conference, when action would be taken on the matter. Whereupon the committee withdrew. Judge Roberts then called on John M. Crane, who read the resolutions adopted by fourteen of their Conferences in different portions of the Northern States. Judge R. proceeded by calling the attention of the meeting to these resolutions, in which they all denounced slavery in the strongest terms, and recommended the preacher to work for its extirpation, in the pulpit, and the members to work through the ballot-box, and by circulating their anti-slavery literature; and he considered that if this organization do not openly pass such resolutions as those just read, it is because they dare not, living as they do in a slave State. But do they not perform all the functions secretly? In conclusion, I wish to hear a full expression from the gentlemen present on this important question.

Hon. Gideon Smith rose to a question of inquiry. He had heard that a negro belonging to Joshua Cox had been tampered with by some of the members of this denomination on Timber Creek, and requested that Mr. Cox would come forward and give the facts to the meeting. Mr. Cox stated that his negro man commenced attending their meetings, and was entirely useless to him after so doing. He commenced to leave home every night, and when told to remain at home would steal off after bed time; when I asked him where he spent his nights, he answered at the house of James Rose, who used to read to him and talk to him about his freedom. Mr. Cox further stated that he went to Mr. Rose, and requested him to whip the negro and send him home. Mr Rose acknowledged that the negro came there of nights to hear him read, and he did not feel like driving him away. Mr. Cox sold the negro to Col. R. H. Lane. Col. Lane was then called. He did not wish to make any statement to criminate a white man on the evidence of a negro, but mentioned that the negro said he was told by one of the Northern Methodists that if he would go to Illinois, he soon could make sufficient money by preaching to buy his freedom.

Dr. Davidson mentioned the finding of some abolition literature, by some gentleman in the county, in the possession of his negroes, and they said they got it from Timber Creek.

After hearing these statements, Mr. Smith proceeded by saying that sufficient had been heard to act upon. It was plain that they were undermining us secretly, and it behooved us to protect ourselves and our property, to adopt strong measures and carry them out. We had proceeded too far now to turn back. It is necessary to stop their proceedings, let the means be such as they will.

Hon. R. H. Taylor was the next speaker, and he addressed the meeting in an eloquent and telling speech. He was one in the committee that waited on Bishop Janes yesterday, and had become satisfied as to the fact of their being pilots—men sent to blaze the way for the hosts of Abolitionists that were to follow. With withering invectives he exposed the designs and devices of their schemes in these missions against the institutions of our State. There is no law on our statute-book to prevent them without the overt act. But there is something above all law—self-preservation; and this is not secure as long as incendiary speeches are permitted on our streets with impunity. He was in favor of strong resolutions against such a procedure, and that they should not only be written, but placed in the hands of men who will carry them out.

Rev. Mr. Porter was now called for, and came forward. He recommended at some length the facts concerning the separation of the Methodist Episcopal Church into the division North and South. He considered the Northern portion thoroughly abolitionized—he considered those in our midst equally so with those in the North; else why not join the Southern portion? He had been in attendance at the late Conference, held in this county, for the purpose of watching them; he did not think we had much danger to apprehend from them, so long as they remained an "embodiment of ignorance," but thought they had the will to tamper with our property, and would doubtless do so as soon as they received fresh accessions of men with more intelligence and energy from the North.

Judge Roberts moved that a committee of five be appointed to draft resolutions to be acted upon next meeting. The motion was carried, and the following gentlemen appointed: B. F. Christian, A. E. Pace, Hon. Gideon Smith, Hon. Robert H. Taylor and Judge Bailey English.

On motion, the meeting adjourned, to meet again at this place on Saturday, the 19th inst., at two o'clock.

THE NEW OHIO BLACK LAW.

AN ACT to prescribe the duties of Judges of Elections in certain cases, and preserve the Purity of Elections.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That the judges of any election held under the authority of any of the laws of this State, in determining the question whether any person offering to vote at such election is a white person, shall ascertain, by proper inquiries addressed to such person, to be answered under oath, or by other legal testimony to be adduced before them, whether such person *is reputed* to be in whole or in part of African descent; and if the said judges are satisfied that such person is *reputed* so to be, they shall reject his vote.

SEC. 2. Any person who is *reputed* to be in whole or in part of African descent, who shall vote at any such election, shall, on conviction thereof, be imprisoned in the county jail of the proper county, not more than three months nor less than one month.

SEC. 3. Any person who shall procure, aid, assist, counsel or advise another to give his vote at any such election, knowing that such person is *reputed* to be of African descent, either in whole or in part, shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in any sum not exceeding five hundred dollars, and be imprisoned in the county jail of the proper county, not more than six months nor less than one month.

SEC. 4. Any judge of any election who shall violate the provisions of the first section of this act shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in any sum not exceeding five hundred dollars, and imprisoned in the county jail of the proper county, not more than six months nor less than one month.

SEC. 5. All prosecutions under this act shall be by indictment in the Court of Common Pleas of the proper county; and it shall be the duty of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas to give this act specially in charge to the Grand Jury at each term of the Court.

SEC. 6. This act shall take effect from and after its passage.

A SOUTHERN CONVENTION.

CALL FOR A CONVENTION OF SLAVEHOLDING STATES.

To the People of the Slaveholding States.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: A Committee—consisting of J. D. B. DeBow, of Louisiana; the Hon. John A. Quitman, of Mississippi; the Hon. Guy Bryan, of Texas; the Hon. W. L. Yancey, of Alabama, and Major W. H. Chase, of Florida—was appointed at the late Southern Convention in Montgomery, to invite the people of the Southern States to be represented at an adjourned meeting of the Convention in Vicksburgh, Miss., on the 9th day of May next.

The lamented decease of Gen. Quitman created, soon after, a vacancy in the Committee, which was filled with the name of Gen. J. J. McRae.

The Committee cannot believe that an argument is necessary to demonstrate to the people of the slaveholding States the importance of union among themselves, and of mutual good understanding in the origination and discussion of questions essential to their security and repose.

Of this nature are the questions which come annually before the Convention; and whatever diversity of opinion exists in regard to some of them, it cannot be doubted that the light which the discussions elicit, and the conflict of mind and mind which they induce, exercise an influence most salutary, and keep alive a spirit favorable to patriotism.

The presence annually at the Convention of a large number of men of position and character from every section of the South, and of a large representation from the masses of the people, not under the restraints of party, and in nowise obligated to do its behests, and the free interchange of opinion which takes place among them, is itself an important feature of the Convention, and, in the absence of every other, should insure its perpetuity.

It is only from such assemblages that, in periods of great public peril, the hopes of the patriot can be realized, as the colonial history of the country evinced.

There is no name honored in the councils or revered in the hearts of the South, from the earliest period of its history to the present, that may not be claimed as authority for everything that is sought by the Convention. From such patriot sources have come warnings of danger, against which the Convention would provide, and appeals for action to which the Convention would respond; and if any of these are now to be found in conflict with it, or interposing discouragements, commonplace yet sincere men may find it difficult to understand the peculiar influence, in establishing the security and repose of the South, which has been exercised by the *recent triumphs of Black Republicanism in every free State of the North, and its seemingly-secured majorities in the Electoral College.*

Fellow-citizens of the South, let us not be lulled into sleep and dreams of security, which experience teaches can only prove to be illusory, for *opposition to slavery has entered into the head and heart of the people of the North*, and can alone be met by wisdom and firmness on the part of the South.

The power which threatened us in its infancy and weakness, unless met and rebuked, is not likely to take a step backward in the hour of its highest triumph, whatever to the contrary it may be the interest or the want of nerve in politicians to teach.

There is much for the Convention, however, to do beyond the discussion of political questions, important as are these, for within its purview comes everything that relates to the intellectual, moral, educational and industrial development of the South. To create opinions is to create things.

The Executives of the several States and the various municipal bodies of the South are earnestly requested to send such delegates as will best represent the opinions of the body of the people.

The 9th day of May will be a favorable time to visit Vicksburgh, and the citizens of that hospitable community invite to the waters of the Mississippi the people of the Atlantic States and of the Gulf.

Delegates to recent Conventions are invited to this.

J. D. B. DeBow, of Louisiana.
John J. McRae, of Mississippi.
Guy Bryan, of Texas.
W. L. Yancey, of Alabama.
W. H. Chase, of Florida.

New Orleans, March 31, 1859.

MORE CANT FROM DR. COX.

LEROY, N. Y., March 24, 1859.

REVEREND AND HONORED BROTHER: The Southern Aid Society, I perceive, is to make a public demonstration in the Cooper Institute, next Lord's day evening, with the view of explanation and commendation of its object and character to the appreciation of our large-hearted citizens. I wish I could be there with you; but I cannot. And as you say, "I trust that others may be induced to embrace the occasion, and give the Society the benefit of any favorable convictions they may entertain," I feel included in the challenge, and disposed in this way to accept it.

From its first inception, your enterprise won my "favorable convictions"; and for half a decade of years, my approbation has only increased. I pray God to enrich and prosper its cause, and make it a bountiful and a lasting blessing to our country.

1. It meets a necessity. The occasion made it, called it loudly into being, and it came. It was no intruder, no supernumerary.

I am only pained at anything like sectional proscription, though made sometimes by those we all love and esteem. At a time when no HOME action of a missionary nature was found to AID our Southern brethren and Churches in their arduous work, this Society started into existence; and its ministrations have been like the copious and kindly *oil and wine* of the good Samaritan, a benefit to a *neighbor* that needed it; obeying the order, *Go thou and do likewise.*

2. Its Missionary principles are catholic as *all the world*, and its beneficence finds its object in *every creature.* Like *the apostle of the nations*, its peculiar character surveys the whole land, and claims it all for Christ. And as God spake to Abraham, I seem to hear his voice to your Society, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, Northward, and Southward, and Eastward, and Westward; for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it; * * * * Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it, and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee. Gen. 13: 14, 17.

3. It is eminently a patriotic as well as preëminently an evangelical organization. I am no preacher of politics; but I love my country; "with all its faults," I love it East, West, North, South, and I love this Society, so that, both as a citizen and as a Christian, I felicitate and bless its spirit and its movements. Were I less like primitive and apostolic preachers in the ownership of *silver and gold*, I would devote my missionary gifts in three piles, one for the American Home, one for the Southern Aid, and one for the Foreign Board; or more to the centre, with no less to the two wings of our missionary army, which may God more and more augment and lead to universal victory.

Were I writing to any other, my esteemed and beloved brother, than to yourself, I would find relief for the feelings of a full heart in a torrent-like benediction on —— its Secretary.

You are doing a noble, a most exemplary and useful work. Your example in it as that of your worthy helpers, is a blessing to the nation. It will show well to unborn ages, and even, I trust, in the day of judgment. When China is open to us, and also Japan, and all the world, I could blush and weep to think that a great section of our own country was in moral blockade against the mercies of the missionary angel. No! Let our nation be "one and indivisible, now and forever." The men that would disintegrate or divide it, like the murderers of the Savior, *know not what they do.* To dissolve our UNION would do nothing but mischief, making bad worse to every human being that breathes under its glorious arch! The God of Heaven preserve and perpetuate its strength benign!

Yours fraternally, in the Redeemer of bond and free,
SAMUEL HANSON COX.

Rev. Jos. C. Stiles, D.D., Secretary of Southern Aid Society.

SNEAKING NULLIFICATION.

Some of the "progressive" Republicans of the Legislature are endeavoring to put the State of New York in the precise condition of a man tugging at the waistband of his breeches for the purpose of lifting himself into the air. They are making themselves very busy in passing acts which can have no validity; which on their face are in direct conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States, and which, even if promulgated under the broad seal of the State and vouched for by the signatures of the Governor and the Secretary of State, will have no more authority or weight with the magistrates, courts or people than so much white paper fresh from the mill.

There is something so puerile and absurd in the enacting of dead-letter laws, not worth the paper on which they are written, something so ludicrous in the attempt to do what is legally and logically impossible, that it requires an effort to treat the subject seriously. Every one knows that the Personal Liberty act, pending in the State Senate, requiring, in substance, an arrested fugitive slave to be liberated when it appears he is held to servitude in another State, will have no influence upon a conscientious and upright officer or Judge; that no decent advocate would dare to rely upon such a transparently void enactment, and that it would be kicked out of any decent Federal or State Court as a piece of impertinence. Every one knows that if the Legislature should pass, as is proposed, an act granting fugitives from labor in sister States a jury trial, when the laws of the United States require such cases to be exclusively determined by United States officers, no honest Judge could be found to empannel such a jury, or no honest jury to sit in a case over which they would have no jurisdiction; or that if treasonable judges and juries could be found, their action in the premises would be absolutely illegal and void. Every one knows that the correct principles which govern these cases have been settled by the national legislature, assented to by the North and the South, ratified by an immense majority of the people, and affirmed and definitely settled by the authoritative voice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In the face of these conspicuous facts, the sham law-makers and political dodgers at Albany attempt to enact a nullity, to pass a void law, to override an act of Congress by a State statute, and to put the State of New York in a hostile attitude towards the Federal government. It is barely possible that legislators enough will be found to place the State in this surly, unmanly and undignified position—the position of a barking dog who can't bite—but we are inclined to believe that the attempt, like the bills themselves, is a miserable sham, got up for the purpose of tickling the radical Abolitionists and gaining a little favor with the Garrisonians, Gerrit Smiths and Fred Douglasses, who openly oppose the laws of the Union and the Union itself. When the matter comes to a test vote, we shall see if these fast Republicans are really willing to humiliate and belittle the Empire State by the passage of Nullification laws as sneaking in spirit as they are practically impotent of accomplishing mischief.—*Journal of Commerce.*

DEFEAT OF THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.—The Legislature of New York have done one good thing, and we will give them the credit of it—that is, so many of them as assisted in the enterprise—we mean the strangling of the Nullification bill; the design of which was, to nullify a law of Congress, enacted to carry out a solemn stipulation of the National Compact. Every Democratic vote, we are proud to say, was given against the bill, and also 21 votes by Republicans and Americans; thus making up a sufficient number to save our State from the disgrace which was impending over it. But still it is to be remembered that a large majority of the Republicans went for the bill, and that it would have passed into a law had it not been manfully resisted by the small number of Democrats elected to the Assembly.—*Journal of Commerce.*

LEGISLATIVE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENTS.

THE Personal Liberty bill has been defeated in our State Assembly—*sixteen* Republican members voting against it, and *fifteen* not voting at all. A similar bill has met a similar fate in the Legislature of Massachusetts.

We are very glad of this result. More than once since this bill was introduced at Albany we have expressed the opinion that it was not called for by any public necessity; that the cases to which it is intended to apply have ceased to arise, and that it could therefore do no possible good, but would certainly do a great deal of harm, by fortifying the conviction in the Southern mind of a deadly hostility on our part towards them. Aggression by words and menaces is bad enough, even when it is called for by some public emergency; but when it is wholly gratuitous and needless, it becomes doubly insulting, and can only do mischief.

The object with which the bill was presented was undoubtedly to satisfy the expectations of the ultra Abolitionists, and demonstrate to their satisfaction the soundness of the Republican party upon all the topics growing out of slavery. The attempt was a very foolish one, and, under present circumstances, will react. It is impossible for the Republicans to go far enough to meet the views of Abolitionists without going too far for the toleration of more conservative anti-slavery men; and they are in far greater danger on this side than on the other.

We cannot help regarding the *Proxy bill*—giving to members of religious and benevolent societies the right of voting by proxy—as a still more lamentable mistake in the same direction. Its immediate object is palpable enough. It is designed to place the American Tract Society in the hands of that portion of its members who wish it to publish tracts on slavery. Whether the end be good or not, it should only be sought by fair and open means. These Societies have always been allowed to regulate their own internal affairs hitherto—and it is an unjust encroachment on their rights for a political party in the Legislature to impose upon them rules and regulations which they have not seen fit to adopt for themselves. If it may be done in this case, it may in every other; and all the religious and benevolent societies of the State are therefore interested in preventing so great a wrong. It will be a new feature in partisan controversies to see a political party thus attempting to dragoon by law a missionary association into its special service.—*N. Y. Times.*

Selections.

MISS REMOND'S ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURE.

From The Dublin Freeman's Journal.

A CROWDED and influential meeting of the Dublin Ladies' Anti-Slavery Association was held on Friday evening in the concert-room of the Rotunda for the purpose of hearing delivered a lecture, or rather, as it proved, an able, eloquent and comprehensive address, on the subject of the slave system in the American States by Miss S. P. Remond, a lady of color, a native of Salem, Mass., and a particular friend of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the popular authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In the absence of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the chair was taken by James Haughton, Esq., who briefly addressed the meeting, expressing his gratification at seeing around him so crowded an assemblage on such an occasion, an assemblage comprising so many ladies and gentlemen of worth and influence in Dublin. He read a letter from the Lord Mayor regretting his lordship's unavoidable absence, and, after commenting on the due influence of the ladies in forwarding every noble and laudable purpose, and expressing a hope that their efforts would be exerted in Dublin in forwarding the great work of abolishing slavery in America, he proceeded to introduce Miss S. P. Remond, whose appearance at the table in the front of the platform was hailed with loud and repeated plaudits. Miss Remond, whose appearance is remarkably feminine and graceful, coupled with a quiet, dignified manner, a well-toned voice and pleasing style of enunciation, proceeded to address the meeting. She said she stood before that enlightened assemblage the representative of four millions of men and women, robbed of every right, deprived of every privilege—a race of outraged and injured fellow-beings, whose wrongs should command the deepest sympathy, and the redress of whose grievances should of right obtain the heartiest coöperation and the most energetic aid from all lovers of freedom in every civilized country (cheers). She pointed out that this question, as it stood, involved not alone the destiny of the down-trodden and proscribed black slave, but also the destiny even of their oppressors. She drew, in characters of the most dreary kind, the prominent features of the slavery system as practised and recognized in the slaveholding States. She showed that over thirty millions of people, who ought to desire not only to be free themselves, but that mankind should be free, were held in subjection by the influence of about one hundred and thirty-four thousand tyrants who uphold this vile system (hear, hear). America, the free (?), with all her boasted freedom and intelligence, was at the foot of this vile despotism, which had taken shelter beneath the shadow of the Republic, crushing out the life and spirit of an entire people (cheers). She pointed out the obstacles which the true friends of slavery abolition had to contend with, the dire and inveterate prejudices, fostered and kept up against all, white or black, who are branded with the stigma of inheriting trace of the proscribed blood. She dwelt with scorn on the wretched distinctions of caste, and the brutal insults daily offered to unoffending persons. She said she would not that evening enter on any descriptions of the revolting horrors, outrages and cruelties perpetrated every day under the abominable slave system; but she solemnly asserted that there were to be found, throughout all the slaveholding States, numbers of characters, incidents and examples exactly similar to those portrayed in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's admirable book (hear, hear and cheers). In a strain of impressive eloquence Miss Remond pointedly dwelt on the possible mission of Great Britain in aiding to overthrow the iniquitous slavery system, and showed how compatible such aid was and would be with the spirit of true liberty. She enumerated all the adverse influences, grounded on so-called commercial interest and otherwise, which stood arrayed against the true abolitionists of slavery in America, and met them, one after the other, in a series of able arguments. She quoted a thrilling passage from a recently-published work, describing the sale, by public auction, of a beautiful white woman, yet a slave—her accomplishments, nay, her very religious and Christian virtues, subserving the purpose of the auctioneer to enhance the price in dollars of this human chattel. Miss Remond, after drawing a fearful picture of the sufferings of helpless women in slavery, concluded her long and able address by a powerful appeal on behalf of a cause the noblest in which human energies could be engaged—the abolition of the hateful system by which man can buy and sell, enslave and degrade, his fellow-creatures. Miss Remond sat down amidst loud and enthusiastic applause. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the Rev. Dr. Abeltshauser, the Rev. Dr. Foley, Professor Hancock, Mr. Webb, &c.; and resolutions were passed expressive of sympathy in the cause of abolition of American slavery, and a determination to sustain that cause by all legitimate means. In conclusion, Miss Remond warmly thanked the meeting for the attention and sympathy accorded to her and to her mission; and it was announced that another meeting was intended to be held by the Society on Friday evening next, when Miss Remond will deliver another address on the subject of American slavery. The meeting then adjourned.

Miss Remond delivered another lecture yesterday evening in the theatre of the Mechanics' Institute, in the presence of a numerous and respectable audience. On presenting herself, and on being introduced by Mr. James Haughton, she was received with loud applause. She commenced her discourse with all the ease and grace to be expected from an accomplished lady, and the narrative of the wrongs and injustice heaped upon the section of the human family to which she belongs was given with a force and natural truthfulness beyond the reach of art. In all she said there was something so persuasive, so femininely beautiful and subdued, that made her appear in the estimation of her hearers (though a free woman) one who felt the wrongs and oppression of her whole tribe, and who in her own person endured, through sympathy, their slavery and degradation. Evidencing at once her patriotism and philanthropy as she called upon her audience not to heed what she said, but to consider the forlorn condition of the slave—to inquire into his abject misery, and, as they valued the priceless blessings of freedom, to make the case of the millions of bondsmen in the land which boasted of its liberty their own. She spoke of the lowly destiny of the poor peasant condemned to ceaseless toil for the mere privilege of being permitted to live in the land of his birth; and detailed, with painful precision, the many trials and afflictions which he had to endure. But all these were as nothing to the absence of the possession of freedom, and the knowledge of being the chattel property of another, to be bought and sold. She entered into minute details of the oppression to which the colored population, even in the free States of the American Union, were subjected, and paid anything but a high compliment to the morality of the great majority of the inhabitants of the United States generally, while her pictures of life and manners in the more tropical sections of the transatlantic republic entirely "stowed" away "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She gave some harrowing records of individual wrong and oppression endured by the slaves in the Southern States, and contrasted the liberty enjoyed by the negro family in South, or Catholic, America with the bitter and reckless brutality which the colored man and woman had to endure in the evangelical "North." After dwelling on the great number of slaves who had escaped by the "underground railway"—namely, through the instrumentality of the Christian Abolitionists, who gave shelter to the fugitive negroes as they made their way to Canada—and, after dwelling with much power and eloquence on the heroism of many who had been sacrificed for proclaiming the rights of the colored man to freedom and citizenship, she concluded by observing—"The lives of good men are not lost when they die for justice sake; for so great is justice that she rewards all who suffer for her with greatness; and, though their heads may sodden in their gore upon the scaffold or block—upon a tower high or city walls—and though their bones may strew the wilderness—the just cause for which they rendered up their lives gives them immortality, and their spirits walk the earth." Miss Remond retired amid loud and long-continued cheering.

Mr. Haughton introduced an Irish gentleman named Millard, who had been a long time resident in America. Mr. Millard bore ample testimony to the statements of the gifted lecturer with reference to the condition of the slaves in North America not being in the least exaggerated. Mr. Webb announced that Miss Remond would deliver another lecture at the Rotunda on Friday evening. The meeting then separated.

METHODIST SLAVE TRADE ON THE BORDER.

From The Northern Independent.

THE revelations of "The Impending Crisis" touching the domestic slave trade among our members on the Border have called forth several vehement denials, mainly from doughface editors in the free States. The same class of "anti-slavery men" have made a great ado over the fact that a Methodist, living in Taylor County, Va., has been expelled from the Church for selling a slave; and from this one case of expulsion for dealing in human flesh and blood, the broad inference has been drawn that "our brethren" down there are doing all in their power to enforce the Discipline against the slave traffic.

So far from believing this for a moment, we have *known* the opposite to be the fact, and have all along believed that personal hostility to the individual above referred to, *on other grounds than his having sold a slave*, was the real cause of his expulsion; just as persons are frequently disposed of in the North for not attending class, when the real ground of their expulsion is some more grave offence.

Taylor County, Va., is in the north-western portion of the State, near the Pennsylvania State line. Harrison County lies immediately adjoining it on the west. Now, by the aid of a correspondent residing in Harrison County, and who *knows* whereof he affirms, we are enabled to lay before our readers a few additional facts touching the slave trade on the border. He says:

"Had I lived in a Northern State, and seen the statements as published in the Northern Church papers, I would probably have arrived at the same conclusion that Dr. Baird and others in the North have, viz., that the Church in Western Virginia was anti-slavery, and consequently consistent. But, living as I do, and knowing what I know, and seeing what I see, I have been surprised that men who profess to be ministers of Christ would so pervert truth, and so attempt to deceive their brethren in the North.

"For the special benefit of those ministers in the North who take so much interest in this matter, I will state some facts connected with this subject and leave the matter with them to judge how far they have been deceived. During the month of August, 1857, Mr. Isaac Lynch, a member of the M. E. Church in West Milford, Harrison County, Virginia, who is the owner of five slaves, sold one of them, a boy about 22 years old, to John R. Dawson, a 'slave-driver,' living in Clarksburgh, Va., who immediately carried him to Baltimore, and there sold him to one of the regular 'slave-buyers,' who purchase for the Southern market. Daniel, for that is the slave's name, was a member of the same class with his master, and was at the time of the sale.

"The reason assigned by Mr. Lynch for selling the boy was fear that he would run away—that he had been tampered with by Abolitionists. That fear was induced from the fact that the boy had left home on Sunday morning without the leave of his master, and went to the village, about two miles distant, probably to attend meeting. During the day he was missed by his master, who became greatly alarmed for fear his slave would be lost; he mounted a horse and went to the house of his son, H. J. Lynch, Esq., who is also a member of the same Church, and long a class-leader, and informed him of his fears that Daniel had run away. He also became alarmed, mounted a horse also and both started to the village, one mile distant, in pursuit of the supposed fugitive. But in a short distance they met the slave returning home in good faith, without thinking he had committed the least offence. Upon being accused of his intention to abscond from his master, he declared he was innocent; that he had no such intention, and would never leave his master. But all his protestations of innocence would now do him no good. His prayers and tears availed nothing. Sell him they would.

"So they ordered him to the house of H. J. Lynch, and there, with ropes, they tied his hands behind his back, then placed him upon a horse and tied him fast to the horse, as a condemned malefactor, and, Sunday as it was, conveyed him to the county jail for safe-keeping until the preliminaries of a sale could be effected. After being deposited in jail, Daniel saw nothing of his master until the following Thursday, when he came to town. The slave now began to hope that his old master would forgive him for the supposed offence and would restore him to his home and friends.

"Upon seeing his master, he fell upon his knees, and, with tears streaming to the floor, begged 'master, for God sake don't sell me! I will be a good servant if you will take me home, will never leave you, but will serve you all my life.' But no, the appeal was made in vain; finding this to be the case, he turned to his young master, H. J. Lynch, who was present, and again prayed, 'O! for God sake, master Hiram, if old master will sell me, you buy me, and I will serve you all my life, and be a good slave; don't, O! don't let them take me out of the country; I don't wan't to go.' But no, this appeal was also vain; the reply was, 'Daniel, I am afraid you will run off, and then I would lose my money.'

"Upon that day the bargain was made with Mr. Dawson, and the slave disposed of as above stated. This sale was not on account of the pecuniary condition of the party, but upon the ground above stated; the parties interested are all wealthy. This whole transaction occurred under the immediate notice of Rev. R. L. Brooks, preacher in charge of the West Milford circuit, who lived at the time in the village. This circuit is embraced in the Clarksburgh District, over which the Rev. G. Battelle was the Presiding Elder, who was, as will be recollected, a delegate to the Northern General Conference, who, I have no doubt, had personal knowledge of the case. Notwithstanding this knowledge, no action was ever had upon the matter in the Church, and both the parties are acceptable members of the Church to this day.

"John Hursey, a member of the Clarksburgh class, sold a slave boy to the same purchaser—from the tender embraces of a mother—against his and her prayers and tears. And, from what I have heard of it, this was a more aggravated case than the other one, and still no action was ever had in the Church. Mr. H. is yet an acceptable member.

"Col. N. L. Patton, who was a member of the Bethel class, West Milford circuit, during his connection with the Church, purchased, of late years, two or three slaves, and the Church would not deal with him, but suffered him to remain a member until he voluntarily withdrew, and received a letter of good standing.

"James Lynch, Esq., who lives on Brown's Creek, in this county, has purchased several slaves since he became connected with the Church, and now holds them. And, from what I know of the man, I have no doubt but he will tell the preacher, or any other who may inquire, that he will buy and sell slaves whenever his interest demands it. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Lynch is a very acceptable member of the Church.

"These are only a few of the many cases that occur, in this county, of church members dealing in slaves. If those interested would take the trouble to make inquiry, they can find many more, and may be saved the embarrassment of stating falsehoods to their Northern friends. The truth is, slavery does exist in the same form, in Western Virginia, in the M. E. Church, that it does in the other Churches, or out of them, and their members are as much engaged in 'slave-growing' and dealing as other persons, and the Church in this county refuses to deal with them for the same."

How pitiful, with such facts as these within the reach of every man who desires to know the truth, to hear Northern men, lay and ministerial, apologizing for the border; eulogizing their fidelity to the Discipline; forever carping at earnest, outspoken anti-slavery men for their "*ultraism*," or "*severity*," or "*exaggeration*," or "*bearding the Bishops*," or something else. If the reader has one of this class in his vicinity, show him the above, fresh from the border, and see by what kind of legerdemain he will construe all that into good Methodism. For the Bishops told us, in their last Pastoral Address, that the border Methodists will compare favorably in intelligence and *piety* with other portions of the Church. From all such Methodism, and misleading apologies for sin from our chief ministers, "good Lord, deliver us." What the people of the North need to know is THE TRUTH in regard to the present connection of our Church with slavery; and next to slavery itself, the greatest curse now resting upon our beloved Zion is the everlasting suppression of truth and blanketing of facts by our official editors and a portion of our ministry. But the power that rent the veil of the temple from the top to the bottom is stripping off these curtains of hypocrisy and concealment, and exposing the foul abomination of slavery in the M.

certainly be was absent from the city at a most convenient hour for Lamar's success. Also, the thirty-eight of the same cargo taken by the authorities in Telfair County, a few days since, Lamar has again got quiet possession of. It is absurd to say the people here are opposed to the slave trade. Any slave pirate, fortunate enough to land his cargo of human flesh and blood on our Southern coast, need fear nothing from the law beyond what little "Lamar" and his Capt. "Corrie" have already suffered. Southern juries are yet to be found who will even find a true bill, much less convict. Niggers are wanted; many likely, prime ones, in the "Wanderer's" cargo, sold for $800 and $1,000 per head; as prime-looking as many of Peirce Butler's, which sold for $1,500 and over. The common white planters want more of the natives at the lower figure. It is only the rich 200 nigger planter who fears that the revival of the trade will lower the price of stock, for many wish to change their investment.

Mr. C. L. A. Lamar deliberately shot a man at the race-course some time ago, and has been engaged in other murderous affrays. He is a fair sample of a fast young Southerner, belonging to one of the first families, very popular, and looked upon as a pattern man by the rising youth. It is hard for Northern people to realize the state of society this far South, or understand the principles governing men's actions. Street fights and murders are almost of daily occurrence. The laws are powerless. A short residence here will convince any intelligent person of the lawless, reckless character of the people generally, a natural result of slavery. It is indeed a blessing to have been born and educated in a land where honest labor is not degraded. The time is fast approaching when the cry will become too overpowering to resist, rather than tolerate, national slavery as it now exists. Let the *Union* be dissolved at once, and then the sin of slavery will rest where it belongs.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

REMOVAL.—The office of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD will be removed, on or before the first of May, to the Park Bank Building, No. 5 Beekman street, adjoining Lovejoy's Hotel.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the City of NEW YORK, in the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, 448 Broadway, on TUESDAY, May 10th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., and continued, by adjournment, at the same place, on TUESDAY evening, and WEDNESDAY forenoon and afternoon.

The sublime and beneficent object for which this Society was organized yet remains to be fully consummated. No matter how numerous the difficulties, how formidable the obstacles, how many the foes to be vanquished, slavery must cease to pollute and curse the land. No matter whether that event be near or remote, whether the taskmaster willingly or unwillingly relinquish his arbitrary power, whether by a peaceful or a bloody process, slavery must die. No matter though, to effect it, every party should be torn by dissensions, every sect dashed into fragments, the national compact dissolved, still, slavery must be abolished. If the State cannot survive the Anti-Slavery agitation, then let the State perish. If the Church must be cast down by the strugglings of Humanity to be free, then let the Church fall. If the Union cannot be maintained, except by immolating human freedom on the altar of a bloody tyranny, then let the Union be dissolved. If the Republic must be blotted out from the roll of nations, by proclaiming liberty to the enslaved, then let the Republic sink beneath the waves of oblivion, and a shout of joy, louder than the voice of many waters, fill the universe at its extinction. Against this declaration none but traitors and tyrants will raise an outcry. It is the mandate of Heaven, and the voice of God. It has righteousness for its foundation, reason for its authority, and truth for its support. It is simply asserting the supremacy of right over wrong, of liberty over oppression, of God over man.

There must be no compromise with slavery—none whatever. Nothing is gained, every thing is lost, by subordinating principle to expediency. The spirit of freedom must be inexorable in its demand for the instant release of all who are groaning in bondage, nor abate one jot or tittle of its righteous claims. By one remorseless grasp, the rights of humanity have been taken away; and by one strong blow, the iron hand of usurpation must be made to relinquish its murderous grasp. The Slave Power cannot be conquered by compromise, stratagem, or bribery. Its dying throes will convulse the land. The conflict admits of no parley. No flag of truce must be sent or received; no quarter must be given or taken.

Animated by these sentiments, let there come up to this anniversary a large and spirited gathering of the members and friends of this Society, resolved upon a fresh consecration and still more effective efforts to accomplish their mighty undertaking.

A strong array of able and eloquent speakers may be expected on the occasion. [Particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Executive Committee.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

SYDNEY H. GAY, WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Secretaries.*

THE LOSS OF THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILLS.

OUR readers have been told, in due course, of the defeat of the Personal Liberty bills in this State* and Massachusetts. The endeavor to establish anew the very cornerstone of every live Republican Commonwealth—the right of every living soul on its soil to an indefeasible property in itself and the body in which it dwells—has been defeated. It is hard to say whether this or the necessity of such a confirmation of the essential foundation of a genuine Republic is the greater disgrace to the States that have suffered this experience. Nor is it necessary to establish the precedency among infamies. The smirch on the brow of those mighty mothers of men can only be wiped away by the resolute purpose of their sons to make their respective habitations a safe abode for the oppressed and a very dangerous haunt for them that would molest or make him afraid. The glamour that political sorcerers have contrived to throw about so simple a matter as the duty of every State to give protection to every human being, not charged with crime, that claims it at her hands, has sufficed to mislead enough men who should know better into this dereliction of duty. We trust that they will be held to a strict reckoning as to this matter when they come to give an account of their stewardship.

There is more than one particular which makes this passage of contemporary history noticeable and memorable. For instance, it was in the power of the party which calls itself, by way of excellence, Republican, and which claims an especial regard for the credit of the North in its mixtures with slavery, to have secured the triumphant enactment of the righteous laws in both States. In this State the measure was defeated by but eleven votes, while there were sixteen Republicans who voted "no" and fifteen who hid themselves in the day of trial. In Massachusetts the bill was lost by only three votes, among them those of Messrs. Upham of Salem, Wells of Greenfield, and Johnson of Abington, the three most prominent Anti-Slavery Republicans in the House. Of course, their votes would have carried the bill through their branch of the Legislature and their example and exhortation have carried many more of the Facing-both-ways and Halting-between-two-opinions (characters often met with long since honest Bunyan's Pilgrimage) along with them in the right direction. That these gentlemen, and others who went with them of their own party, had rather that men's personal liberty should be protected in their State than not, we are very willing to believe. We are not inclined to deny their assertions that they voted as they did because they thought the passage of the Personal Liberty bill would be a damage to the anti-slavery cause. We are willing to take their motives at their own account of the same, though it must be at the expense of their clearness of moral vision and their reach of political sagacity.

These gentlemen, and any others who took this course under the impression that they were doing more good to the slaves in this way than by voting for the law, must have believed that its passage would be detrimental to the prospects of the Republican party, and that the success of the Republican party was the best thing that could befall the slaves. While not denying the fact that these were their honest convictions and that their course was taken because of them, we must be permitted to say that we think they have done the very worst injury that they could do to the Republican party, in showing that, in the opinion of its very best members, it is good for nothing. Of what use is a party which will not take the responsibility of protecting the inhabitants of their own State by the application of their own construction of the United States Constitution to emergencies likely to arise again, as they have already arisen more than once? And if the *brutum fulmen* of pro-slavery clamor, the distant grumblings of the political storm, strikes such awe into their breasts, what likelihood is there of their breasting it manfully if they could ever come face to face with it in the fields of National legislation? We fear that the same scruples, or the same fears, which made them think it bad for the slaves to have their State interpose her shield of State sovereignty between them and their pursuers, should they throw themselves on her hospitality and protection, would make them yet more timid champions and more uncertain counsellors in the greater questions which may come to the arbitrament of the lists at Washington.

We say that this bill was but the application of their own rules of constitutional construction to the protection of their own neighbors and suppliants. For we do not suppose that a member of the Republican party, in either Legislature, holds the Fugitive Slave law or the Dred Scott decision as constitutional laws, or as rules of civil action which it is their duty to obey. We believe, on the contrary, that they all hold these organized villanies to be abominable and unendurable acts of despotism. We are confident that all of them hold to the wholesome doctrine that the States decide in the last resort on the constitutionality of all laws. If they do not, may God save the Northern States, for the Republican party certainly cannot! We know that many prominent members of that party declare, in private conversation, that they do not discern any slavery at all in the Constitution, and almost all that the interpretation of that instrument is within the breast of every individual man, much more within the jurisdiction of every State Court. Holding these opinions, of which they are loudly tenacious when in argument with Disunionists as to the propriety of their taking office under an oath to support a pro-slavery Constitution, there could have been no obstacles of principle to hinder them from reaching an end so necessary to the ends of justice and so essential to the maintenance of self-respect. The explanation of their conduct must be looked for in their relations to a party which seems to them to have grown up to a degree of strength promising a fair chance of victory in the struggle of our next Presidential election, and they fear lest action so decided as this would disaffect the time-serving waiters upon Providence, who, they fear, may hold the balance of power, and also may be terrified by the outcry which an honorable self-assertion of itself by a Northern State would arouse in the ranks of the slaveholders and their Northern allies.

Now, we apprehend, if there is any wisdom to be learnt from enemies or from our own experience, nothing can be more fallacious than *policizing* like this. It shows the men who attempt it are not strong enough for the place they undertake to fill, and that they must give way to others of clearer sight and stronger nerves before any success can be achieved. For what does the whole history of the enemy teach us? Have the slaveholders ever "let I dare not wait upon I would" when they had any point to carry? They have construed the Constitution to suit themselves and, by defying the General Government and making themselves necessary to it, have made it their tool and our tyrant. The queasier sort of Union men that we used to hear of, in days before the Anti-Slavery battle had waxed hot, have long since disappeared from the horizon of politics. No men are trusted who are not pledged to the great Southern Idea and sworn to maintain it through or over the Constitution. It is this element of union which is the element and the essence of their success. The North can have no success, that will not be worse than defeat, until it have also a rallying Idea, and men to rally round it, as logical and as undoubted as their foes. All time-serving and trimming in the hope of escaping pro-slavery censures and winning souls that are not worth saving to their sect is the most inane of follies. What the Republican party—meaning thereby the political opposition of the slaveholding oligarchy—needs is a base of operations sufficient to sustain a successful attack on the strongholds of slavery. Whatever tends to weaken this base of operations—in other words, its well defined practical principles of action—at once disheartens friends and breeds contempt in enemies. Pluck, courage, spirit, is what the men who are appointed to achieve this adventure must have above all things. And, having them, they must show them; and if, having such an opportunity as has been offered for the display of these qualities in these Personal Liberty bills, they are found wanting, they must even stand aside and make way for men of wiser courage. The North can never prevail over the South in a National contest until she has reared up men capable of carrying out Northern ideas, at the North. And if she could, it would be the worst thing that could befall her—for she would be putting her trust in a Samson without discretion enough to keep his robustious locks from the shears of the Philistines.

We must not forget, however, that there is a hopeful and encouraging view of this baffled business, which may console us for the weakness in council and in fight of the men who have thus bungled it. A measure of the thorough character of this bill, which was substantially the same in the two States, has taken legislative form and substance, and came fairly near being carried through successfully. The State of Vermont has actually placed in her archives such an enactment, and under it men may live in peace and safety within the shadows of the Green Mountains. Wisconsin has annihilated the Fugitive Slave law by the solemn adjudication of her highest tribunal, and the slavehunter and his tools, from the President to the catch-pole marshal, she sets at defiance and laughs to scorn. These be good signs—good in themselves and surely prophetic of better things to come. Then the great New York Statesman, with a clearness of vision and coolness of courage which show him to be master of the situation, has laid down the scheme of operations which he holds to be essential to the success of the campaign against the South. And the central idea of his scheme is that Slavery is to be met by Anti-Slavery, and the battle to be joined on the only great principle which can unite the North, somewhat as the South has ever been united. We do not claim that eminent person as an Abolitionist, and it is not at all likely that he can have our help in his enterprise. But when we see the foremost public man in the North—one who thinks that, even after Pierce and Buchanan, the Presidency is an office a gentleman can accept—when we see him making up an anti-slavery issue as the only one on which alone the great appeal between the North and the South can be tried, we think that it stands for much more than the mere breath of his mouth. And we think we see hope that the weaklings of the Republican flock may yet have heart and grace given them by the voice of such a shepherd going before them. So we shall not be cast down, though defeated, but gather up our strength for another day, certain soon to come.

** Since we penned this article the New York bill has been reconsidered, amended (diluted) and passed in the Assembly, but it has been struck at and probably killed by Republican hands in the Senate, so that there is not the least ground to hope that it will become a law. We therefore let the article stand as we wrote it.*

FREEDOM IN THE LEGISLATURE.

ALBANY, April 11, 1859.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL REVIVED.

THE Personal Liberty bill, which was defeated in the House for the want of a full two-thirds vote, was reconsidered on the 6th inst., by a vote of 80 to 21. Mr. C. S. Spencer, of New York City, moved to recommit it to the Special Committee which originally reported it, for some amendment. Mr. Law moved to commit it to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to report their opinion on its constitutionality. The last motion, if it had prevailed, would have been equivalent to killing the bill stone dead. Gen. Duryea, of Brooklyn, supported the proposition in a very twaddling speech, of which he will be sufficiently ashamed three years hence. His friends were mortified and surprised that he should attempt to rehearse the played-out song of Union-saving. The speech, however, failed of its object; the motion of Mr. Spencer to refer the bill to the Special Committee was adopted. That Committee reported the bill, on the 8th, in the following shape.

[We are compelled, for want of room, to omit the amended bill.—*Ed. Standard.*]

The bill, in this amended form, was then passed—84 to 22, as follows

Yeas—Messrs. Abbott, Andrus, Aylworth, Batcheller, Bliss, Briggs, Brockway, Buffington, Bump, S. S. Childs, Cobb, Coburn, Colt, COLEMAN, Collins, Costello, Croker, Davis, Duryea, Earll, Farnum, FITKIN, Fish, Fuller, Godard, Grant, H. K. Graves, Green, Hall, Holmes, Holt, Hubbell, Hutchinson, Johnson, Ladue, Laing, Law, Lockhart, Longenhelt, Loomis, H. A. Lyon, L. R. Lyon, Mackie, Meeks, Mekeel, Messerole, Miller, Morris, Moulton, Northup, Opdyke, S. E. Palmer, Parlin, Payne, Pelton, Pendell, Perry, Pierce, Plato, Pond, Powell, Ranney, Ritter, Rogers, Schoolefield, See, Shaw, Shepard, Slocum, SNELL, Speaker, C. S. Spencer, Stewart, St. John, Sweeney, D. Thomas, Tuthill, Van Horn, Van Volkenburgh, Wever, Wiggins, Wiley, Wintermute, Woodbury—84.

Nays—Messrs. Bowen, *Bucknell, N. A. Childs, Christie, Cornelius, Fitzgerald, Gover, Jeremiah*, KING, *Lawrence, Macomber, Mallery, Masterson, Reilly, Smith, Suydam, Tomlinson, Van Cortlandt, Warner, Weisart, Wilson, Woodruff*—22.

Absent or not Voting—Messrs. Bingham, BOUGHTON, CARPENTER, Chamberlain, *Chanler*, CLARK, Conkling, *Crabb*, Eveland, *Gardner, S. Graves, Haxmance, Lamont, McLeod*, Moore, *Palmer, Rutherford*, H. W. SPENCER, C. Thomas, Thompson, *Young*—21.

Of the yeas, 80 are Republicans and 4 Americans; of the nays, 20 are Democrats, 1 American (Mr. King), and 1 Republican (Mr. Bowen).

Of the Absentees, 8 are Republicans, 9 Democrats and 4 Americans. It is supposed that the Absentees were all really and in good faith absent, except Mr. Conkling, who declined to vote because he was not within the bar when the question was stated!

THE QUESTION BEFORE THE SENATE.

It remains to be seen what the Senate will do with the bill. Its friends in that body, fearing lest the delay in the Assembly might furnish an excuse for its defeat or postponement, introduced it by an independent movement, and it was referred to the Senate's Judiciary Committee, consisting of Messrs. Noxon, Diven and Lamont, Republicans, and Messrs. Scott and Willard, Democrats. On the 8th, Mr. Diven—Mr. Noxon concurring—made an elaborate Report, taking the ground that the Fugitive Slave law, having been pronounced Constitutional by the U. S. Supreme Court, is binding upon the people of New York, whose duty it is to give the slave-hunter every needed facility for the recovery of his fugacious chattels! It is a mere rehash of the arguments usually employed by the advocates and apologists of slavery at the North.

This apology for kidnapping on the soil of the Empire State, be it remembered, is from two leading members of the Republican party. The masses of the party will, we believe, repudiate it with scorn and contempt. Had it been written by the Prince of Border Ruffian Democracy, it could not have been more repugnant to a majority of the people of this State. The real representatives of the people—the Assembly—placed the seal of condemnation upon it within twenty-four hours after its appearance. By a vote of 84 to 22 they enacted a bill having most of the features in it condemned by Mr. Diven and his colleague Mr. Noxon. We might leave this atrocious document here. But some may ask who is Mr. Diven! He is a lawyer, steeped in the lore of red tape—a devotee of hair-splitting technicalities. All his life long, until within a very few years, he has been a loyal member of the Democratic party. The virus of that party remains in his system, and appears in all its malignity in this Report. Mr. Noxon answers to the same description. They are both consigned to political oblivion.

Messrs. Willard and Scott (Democrats) made a Report, concurring with Messrs. Diven and Noxon in the conclusion that the bill ought not to pass, but differing from them on some incidental points. Mr. Lamont, the other Republican member, verbally dissented from both Reports on some points, but agreed with both in the opinion that the bill ought not to pass.

THE WORK BEFORE US.

The passage of the Personal Liberty bill in the Assembly, by so large a vote as 84 to 22, will surprise many persons. The fact that certain persons heretofore opposed to it voted Aye on the final passage raises the suspicion that it has been shorn of its power. This is true to some extent, although its provisions would seem to be effectual to prevent the return of any fugitive slave to bondage from this State. Be this as it may, it is not probable that it will become a law at this session. It is altogether too stringent to pass the Senate as now constituted. That body was elected nearly three years ago, while Americanism exerted its stupifying power over the balance of the voters. The lesson we have to learn, the concern we now have in the matter is, *to prepare for another campaign!* We have fought a good battle without organization, without means, and with very little concert of action. Another year let us improve on the experience of the past three months, and we shall triumph.

THE RIGHTS OF COLORED MEN.

The Senate, on the 6th, concurred with the Assembly in the Resolution to abolish the property qualification now required of colored voters. Ayes 18, Noes 12, as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Ames, Boardman, Darling, Diven, Foote, Halsted, Hubbell, Johnson, Laflin, Lamont, Loveland, Noxon, Paterson, Prosser, Truman, Wetmore, W. A. Wheeler, J. A. Willard—18.

Noes—Messrs. Brandeth, Burhans, Doherty, Ely, Mather, Pratt, Schell, Scott, Sloan, Smith, Spinola, O. B. Wheeler—12.

Every Republican present voted Aye and every Democrat Nay. One Senator, Mr. O. B. Wheeler of Sullivan County, elected as an American, voted Nay. He has been during the whole session tending towards the Democratic party, and we believe now claims to be a Douglas man. As the boys say, "He's played out." The Democrats filibustered over the Resolution, hoping to stave it off until after adjournment. But the majority was strong and determined. So far, good. The Resolution has to pass another Legislature and afterwards be submitted to a vote of the whole people—in 1860. From our best information, we are led to believe that it will safely pass both ordeals.

In this connection it is but justice to award a good deal of praise to Stephen Myers, a colored citizen of Albany, whose wise and persevering exertions have done much to secure the present result. ✱

From Our European Correspondent.

MARCH 28th, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: The people of England have heard more about the politics of the United States within a few weeks than probably in their whole lives before. Though the occasion, and the mode, and the substance of what is said cannot possibly be lauded by you or me, we may yet hope that good will result. The case is this.

When we reformed our House of Commons in 1832, we could not expect to carry all points at once. It was in the highest degree necessary to get rid of the fictitious representation; and the "rotten boroughs" were removed from the lists, at an enormous sacrifice of property on the part of the aristocracy, whose merits on that occasion should never be forgotten. Dismal prophets foretold that no more gentlemen, no more men of education, no more statesmen, would be seen in Parliament. It would have been impossible to procure the passage of a measure which would have admitted the working-classes into the constituency, to any great extent. It has from that time been possible for a perpetually increasing number of that class to obtain the franchise, by such frugality and industry as enable a working man to live in a house assessed at a £10 annual value; but it has always been admitted that a freer entrance than this must be provided, as the next great step. This was in fact an understood engagement made with the work-people in 1832. I will not trouble you with a description of the intervening period between Lord Grey's Reform bill and that of Lord Derby, the fate of which is not settled at this moment, but will probably be known to you before you read this letter. The debate may close to-night, or it may go on through the week. Suffice it now that Lord Palmerston obtained office, and kept it, during his last term, by promising the second Reform bill, about which the people were beginning to be peremptory. Lord Palmerston had no good will to the task; and it is a question at this moment whether he had a measure actually prepared when he went out, above a year ago, in disgrace through his subserviency to the Emperor of the French. His successor, however, has been compelled to prepare one. There was no escaping the vigilance of the public, which was resolved to be tampered with no longer. The new Reform bill was demanded incessantly till it was produced. I need not describe it. It will probably be thrown out before this letter is many leagues out at sea, and there is little in it worth remembering when once it is put out of the way. The one point which I must dwell on for a moment is that the Bill entirely fails to meet the rational expectation of the working-classes. It admits only a few more to the suffrage; and those few by indirect means—as, for instance, by giving the franchise to men who have £60 laid by in the Savings Bank. Lord John Russell leads the Opposition to the bill, taking for his main ground the continued exclusion of the industrial classes from political functions. This move on the part of the traditional old Reformer (who is not much of one except on traditional grounds) determines the tone and topics of the discussion throughout the kingdom. Journalists, pamphleteers, reviewers, and members of both Houses of Parliament, are all talking at once about the results of universal suffrage in the United States and in France; and ninety-nine in one hundred of them are beseeching and imploring everybody, within and without the walls of Parliament, to save us from the destiny of France on the one hand, and America on the other. It is in this way that we have heard your country more talked about of late than probably at any time since the war of 1812.

The most striking thing in the whole matter to persons who have ever been among you is the ignorance of high and low about the facts of your case. Mr. Bright's representations make us wonder whether his friend and ally, Mr. Cobden, has really gone among you with the same ideas in his head. Mr. Cobden has been among you before. Can he have overlooked the cause of your political sins and sorrows? If not, has he, or has he not, ever endeavored to enlighten his friend? During his autumn campaign of speech-making, Mr. Bright represented your Republic in its existing state as the most blessed spectacle of a polity in the world. He spoke of it as securing all the blessings of social existence to everybody, precluding a large amount of crime, and nearly all poverty, and rendering everybody free in thought, word and act. He said that these privileges were enjoyed through the absence of a landed aristocracy, and made out that there was little hope for the British working-man but in emigration, and in imitation of your democratic model. Few or none agree with Mr. Bright in this chapter of his doctrine and his facts. The rush of opinion on the other side is all the fiercer. One can scarcely open a newspaper or political pamphlet at present without encountering a denunciation of lynch-law, or a list of the offences and exposures which your chroniclers have supplied during the late session of Congress. Everything that can be pilloried for public execration, either at Washington or in any far corner of any State, is shown up as a result of universal suffrage. The late abortive session of Congress shows us, we are told, what our legislation will come to; the President's forlorn helplessness shows what the British sovereign's future will be; the jobbery lately exposed teaches us how our public business will be managed when we let the mob into the constituencies; and so on. It is just the same about France. The poor dumb, repressed, overridden French people are called "a wild democracy," and made answerable for the ruffianism of the man who will not let them think, speak or move.

There is no occasion to enlarge on the French case. No doubt it is as well understood in your country as in Europe that the whole electoral process in France, under the Empire, is as great a sham as the famous Kansas elections when the Border-ruffians had charge of the ballot-boxes. It is really the grossest possible impudence to speak of elections at all in France while all the voting is made to go one way, except where a few opposition votes which can do no harm are allowed for show. The despotism which afflicts France, and threatens all Europe, has nothing whatever to do with the popular suffrage. The Emperor rules exactly as he would do if there was no representation whatever; and there is in fact none. No sort of resemblance can be established between the French elections under the Empire and any that can, under any circumstances, take place in England. It is less easy to get the truth understood in regard to the United States. No overbearing Bonaparte is there, to set the popular heart and mind at defiance. The popular mind and heart are supposed to do everything, at their own pleasure, and failure is a lesson to all nations to keep power out of the hands of the majority. Such is the notion.

Perhaps the best way of getting the truth understood is to fix attention on the actual narrowness of the suffrage in the United States. This is a new view here, and it fixes attention. It would be a great public service if your press and ours would make the people of both countries (and of all countries) understand how far your countrymen are from being represented. First, there are the people of color, no small proportion of your total population. The slaves, to be sure, nobody supposes to have votes, though the European public does not sufficiently understand and reprobate the abuse of the negroes affording an increased franchise to their owners. The free blacks have every conceivable claim, on your republican principles, to the suffrage; yet how few exercise it, and how many are precluded from it by law! Then there is the virtual suppression of the non-slaveholding whites as a political element. There condition is tantamount to a grave restriction of the franchise in your Republic. Then, there are the non-voting Abolitionists, abstainers on principle; and, if we may trust American authority, a prodigious number of good citizens who abstain in discouragement and despair. All these together make up such a proportion of your population that it must be a palpable mistake to blame the universality of the suffrage as the cause of your political experience in any way. If one could but turn the tables, and show how slavery, your real curse, has restricted the suffrage, so as to deliver the State into the bad hands of an oligarchy, it would be a piece of golden knowledge for every country in which it was understood. If one could show that the one great chance of rescue and recovery lies in bringing the whole people into action once more, other countries than yours might be saved by it. Those who really care for your Republic and your people, and for all the human interests which are implicated with them, ought to feel it a daily and hourly duty to exhibit the truth that it is not a political institution of any kind which is the cause of your peril and decline before the eyes of all nations, but a social crime. No sort of political fabric could hold together, no kind of political machinery would work, at this time of day, which must include the institution of slavery as one of its social conditions; and least of all could democratic theories come out well in practice under the burden of such an anomaly. All this is abundantly trite to you and your readers: and I should not dwell for a moment upon it but that some possible benefit may arise from mutual suggestion how to address the minds of our respective countrymen. If you can convince Englishmen and Irishmen (Mr. Cobden would be a good subject, but Smith O'Brien is inaccessible to reason on political topics)—if you can convince these countrymen of mine at your elbow, and millions more on this side of the water, that slavery is clearly and indisputably answerable for the decline and disrepute of your great Republic, you may at once strike a telling blow against slavery and on behalf of political freedom. And if we, on our side, can learn the true reading of your affairs, we may possibly hold up the interpretation with some effect on both shores of the dividing sea. You will not allow our working men to remain disfranchised for want of an avowal of the real source of your griefs and wrongs; and we will not permit you to be taunted and pitied as people who could not take care of your own rights when you had got them, or manage your own public servants when you had secured the appointment of them, while the truth is, all the time, that you have been, as a community, paralyzed by a curse which is to be extirpated, if the toils and self-sacrifice of a band of true patriots can do it. Let us help each other. *We* have no time to lose in admitting to full citizenship the educated and well-conducted class of our artisans; and *you* have no time to lose in amending your Federal Constitution, and distributing their rights to all men under it, if the names of your Forefathers are to be preserved from the last disgrace, of having founded oppression under the name and pretext of freedom.

Yours, &c., H. M.

NORTHERN METHODISTS IN TEXAS.—In the Pro-Slavery department this week will be found a report of the proceedings of slaveholders and their sympathizers in Fannin County, Texas, at a public meeting called for the purpose of devising measures to expel from the State the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church North. Those proceedings furnish a new illustration of the proscriptive and murderous spirit of slaveholders, and of the absurdity of every attempt to conciliate them by half-way measures. The Methodists in Texas who adhere to the Northern Church would, if living here, be likely to take rank, not with Abolitionists, but with their opponents; but the slaveholders will not tolerate any attitude toward slavery but that of open defence and approval. No other position is consistent with the safety of the institution.

DR. CHEEVER, by invitation of the pastor, Rev. H. W. Beecher, will occupy the pulpit of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, to-morrow (Sunday), morning and evening. It is understood that he will, at Mr. Beecher's particular request, preach on slavery in the evening. It is not often that Mr. Beecher invites another clergyman to preach for him, and we learn that the invitation to Dr. Cheever was intended as an emphatic expression of sympathy with him in the persecution he has encountered through his fidelity in proclaiming "the Logic of God's Word against Slavery as man-stealing," and in exposing the guilt of the American Church and Ministry for their complicity with the sin.

THEODORE PARKER appears to be convalescent. In the Boston Music Hall, on Sunday, letters from himself and Mrs. Parker were read. Mr. Parker writes that his health is materially improved. He bathes in the sea and rides on horseback. He remarks that he had heard that "the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man," and his experience has proved it true. He sleeps well, and his strength has increased very encouragingly.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—Our readers will be disappointed in not finding in our columns this week the promised Discourse by Dr. Cheever. The reason of that disappointment is, that Dr. Cheever, after consenting to the proposed publication, had a pressing invitaton, with which, for the cause's sake, he was anxious to comply, to repeat the Discourse in Brooklyn. We hope, however, to publish it hereafter.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

CAPTURE, TRIAL AND RELEASE OF DANIEL WEBSTER, A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

PHILADELPHIA, April 11th, 1859.

OUR Fugitive Slave case, the happy termination of which you have announced, occasioned an intense excitement in this city during the whole of last week. The proceedings, as published from day to day, have doubtless been seen by most of your readers; but you will naturally look for some further account of the affair from one who has regarded it from a different point of view, and seen it through a somewhat different medium.

On the forenoon of Saturday, the 2d inst., we received two telegrams from Harrisburg—one from a member of the Vigilance Committee there, and another from a member of the House of Representatives—both informing us that an alleged fugitive slave had been arrested that morning by Deputy Marshal Jenkins, and was then on his way to Philadelphia. The latter despatch concluded with the words—"do what you can for him." We did not need this stimulus; for, although our hearts sank within us at the intelligence, being confident, from the history of the past, of a disastrous result, we said with one consent: "We must fight it to the last; we must spare no pains; we must dispute every inch of ground; we must do all we can for the poor fellow."

The first step to be taken was to retain counsel. In less than an hour Wm. S. Peirce, our long-tried and faithful legal friend, Geo. H. Earle, Chas. Gilpin and Edward Hopper, Esquires, were engaged to meet the exigencies of the case, whatever they might be, to the extent of their ability. In about another hour word was brought to us that the prisoner had arrived at the Marshal's office, in custody of his captors. It was evident that the case was to be hurried through with the usual indecent haste. A telegraphic despatch was sent to the member of the House at Harrisburg referred to, concluding with—"furnish us with a reason for delay of proceedings." A reply was received, "We are looking for witnesses."

One of our Committee hastened to the Marshal's office to see the man. Before making any request to that effect he was politely informed by Deputy Marshal Tippin that if he desired an interview with the prisoner, there would be no objection. He was shown into a back room, where sat the poor fellow in a corner, his hands manacled, and his face the picture of despair. There was no opportunity for private conversation. Deputy Marshal Jenkins came in and took his seat near us. Other officers and hangers-on of the place stood at the door to see and hear what would be going on. After a few words of commiseration and of inquiry as to the circumstances of the case, the visitor said: "How is it that you are handcuffed? Who put those manacles on you?" "*I* did," said the gruff voice of Jenkins. "This is something unusual. It's the first time I have seen an alleged fugitive kept in this office in chains. It is an outrage!" "I'll take them off directly," was Jenkins's reply—but he didn't move to do so. "We were afraid of a rescue," he added, after a pause. "He cried 'help!' 'help!' and brought about a hundred niggers around us. He *did* try to grab a butcher-knife from off one of the stalls." "Wishing you no harm," interposed the visitor, "I am sorry he didn't succeed." "I dare say you are. I have no doubt it would have pleased you if he had plunged the knife into my heart. It's not the first time I have been insulted by people of your kind." "I have said nothing to insult you; it is not my way to insult people." "You said you wished he had got the butcher-knife." "So I did; and I would wish the same thing if anybody should attempt to make a slave of you. I put it to you, Mr. Jenkins, as a man: if any one were to attempt to fasten handcuffs on your wrists to make a slave of you, would you not want to get hold of a butcher-knife?" "Perhaps I would," was the muttered reply. "But in this case I am only doing my duty." "No, you are not only doing your duty." "I must execute the law." "There is no compulsion; you hold your office of choice." "I have no feeling in the matter" "That is my objection to you." "I have no feeling against a fugitive. Daniel will tell you, if you ask him, that I treated him kindly." "Yes, sir, the gentleman was very kind to me in the cars. I must say that for him. But oh," continued the poor fellow, bursting into an agony of grief, "my poor wife! my poor wife! Little did I think this morning that I was to be jerked away from her all of a sudden!" Have you any children, Daniel? No, sir; I had two, but they are dead. I buried the second one last week."

The by-standers looked on in silence. Jenkins took a key out of his waist-coat pocket and unlocked the manacles. Nearly all seemed touched by the scene. The visitor rose to come away, and the silence was broken by one of the hangers-on referred to, who commenced denouncing "cowardly Abolitionists, who would excite the people to rebellion and then be the first to show the white feather."

The hour had now arrived when the case was to come before the Commissioner. The prisoner was produced, accompanied by his claimants and their counsel, Benj. H. Brewster, Esq.; but of our lawyers only two were present, and one of these could remain but a few minutes. Mr. Peirce had been compelled by a previous engagement to leave town; Mr. Gilpin did not make his appearance (nor did he at any subsequent stage of the proceedings); Mr. Earle had a *habeas corpus* case in another Court, which imperatively demanded his attention, so that Mr. Hopper was the only one left to take charge of the case. Mr. Earle asked for a continuance to another day on the ground of want of time. While he was speaking, a messenger came for him, and he was obliged to leave suddenly to save his client from prison. Mr. Hopper pressed the motion for adjournment. Mr. Brewster opposed it. He insisted on the right of his client, under the law, to a "prompt" and "summary" disposition of the case. Mr. Hopper stated that as yet he had had no time whatever to acquaint himself with the facts of the case, or to converse with the prisoner. Mr. Brewster insisted on "summary process." Mr. Hopper stated that Mr. McKim, a friend of the prisoner, to whom the case had in some measure been entrusted, desired to say a few words, if there should be no objection. "None whatever," was the response of Mr. Brewster. "I should be pleased to hear what Mr. McKim may have to say; and I am quite sure your honor will have no objections." The Commissioner had no objections, provided Mr. McKim should say what he had to communicate under oath. Mr. McKim was affirmed, and stated that the case had been brought to his knowledge but a few hours before; that he had barely time to engage counsel; that he believed, from a conversation he had had with the prisoner, and the contents of a telegram he had received from Harrisburg, that testimony would be forthcoming in the course of twenty-four hours that would be important to the interests of the prisoner, and might prove his title to liberty. Whereupon the Commissioner granted a continuance until Monday at 10 o'clock a. m. Mr. Brewster took occasion to state, before the adjournment, in order that he might not be misunderstood, especially by the gentleman who appeared as next friend to the prisoner, whose feelings and position he appreciated and respected, how he came to be employed as counsel in this case. It had been kicked about from one to another, and refused on various pretexts, till it had come to him. He had taken it as a matter of professional duty. He would shrink from no case because of the odium that might attach to it, and he would levy no "black mail." He would charge a fair fee, proportioning it to the amount of his services. The Commissioner followed with a few words of explanation as to his connection with the matter, and the case was adjourned till Monday.

This adjournment was the man's salvation. If compelled to proceed on Saturday, as we inevitably should have been under Ingram, or under Judge Kane in the latter part of his career, Daniel would have gone into the lion's den beyond the hope of prevention. Delay gave us a chance to look for testimony and take our appeal to the people. The Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning papers gave publicity to the facts. The community was deeply moved. By Monday the city was in a hopeful state of excitement. Still, we had no hope. The most we expected to do was to make a good fight; to protract the issue; to turn the case to general account, and build up public opinion against, the recurrence of a similar exigency. We had reason to believe that the claimant had come well prepared with papers and witnesses, and we had no positive assurance that we should be able to meet him with rebutting testimony. We remembered that every case that had as yet come before a Commissioner, under the act of 1850, had gone against us; that Ingram had sent into slavery every alleged fugitive that had been brought before him, including Adam Gibson, subsequently admitted to be a free man; and that David Paul Brown, Jr., in the only case that he had ever had occasion to try, had decided in favor of the slaveholder. Of Mr. Longstreth we knew nothing except that he was a scion of an old Quaker stock, his family being one of the most respectable and well reputed in the city of Philadelphia. But what was to be expected from a man of anti-slavery origin and Quaker antecedents who would accept the office of Commissioner under the Fugitive Slave law, and deliberately issue a writ to apprehend and reënslave an innocent human being? Nothing—just nothing whatever; and that, in regard to the immediate result, was the amount of our anticipations in this case. And such, too, with a very slight exception, was the state of mind of the whole anti-slavery community.

We were resolved, however, that the Commissioner should do his "duty," as he chose to regard it, in the presence of respectable witnesses; that he should put the manacles on the wrists of his victim—if that were to be the result—"in the face of Israel and the sun"; that a cloud of spectators, such as rarely grace such scenes, should be present to behold the deed. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, on Monday morning, the little office of the Commissioner was

at down with the becoming confusion of a man whose villany had been detected and exposed.

James H. Gulick was the next witness. Mr. Gulick preferred not to take the book. He was a member of the Baptist Church and had conscientious scruples about taking an oath; had taken an oath, and could not just say he considered it wicked, but would prefer not to do so now. Counsel for the prisoner objected to this exercise of discretion; said that the prisoner had the right to bind the witness's conscience in the manner that would be most stringent. Objection overruled, and Mr. Gulick was affirmed.

Mr. Gulick was a Virginian. He knew Daniel Dangerfield, the slave of the late French Simpson. The prisoner was the man; saw him in Harrisburg on the 23d of February; had gone there to "spy him out"; had "circulated" round the town till he found him. He was to receive no pay for his services. He was a son-in-law of the claimant and a prospective heir to her property; thought he had "experienced a change of heart"; had aided in the capture of Daniel; didn't let on that he was a slave, but, for fear of the mob, "said something about his having committed burglary"; had endeavored to convey that impression.

At this point Mr. Hopper rose and denounced in scathing terms the base hypocrisy of a man whose piety revolted at a judicial oath, but would allow him to entrap an innocent man into slavery by a false insinuation of crime. He pronounced the implication in effect "a cold-blooded and deliberate lie." The pious Baptist doubled his fist and looked furious, but allowed himself to be soothed by his counsel. Mr. Gulick took his seat, very much in the condition of a man who had just come out of a steam-bath.

Sandford P. Rogers was next called. Mr. Rogers was a Virginian; knew Daniel and identified the prisoner as the man; had called on several lawyers and commissioners before he could get any one to serve. Mr. Longstreth, on being shown his papers, said they were defective, and that if a negro were brought before him on such evidence he would discharge him; had had the papers corrected, and Mr. L. then issued his warrant; went with it to Harrisburg, accompanied by three officers (Jenkins, Stewart and Taggart); did not join in the false cry at the capture; was not a member of the Church; paid the expenses of the party; no wages had been agreed upon; told Bogue that if they caught the boy, he shouldn't lose anything; told Patton the same thing.

Here the testimony for the claimant closed.

The counsel for the prisoner asked for a postponement. The afternoon was exhausted and it was time to adjourn. Mr. Brewster objected. The prisoner's counsel insisted. They had as yet had no time to look after the interests of their client. On Saturday they could do nothing. Sunday was a *dies non*; and to-day they had been occupied in the trial all day. They had witnesses, but had had no time to confer with them; one of them, being black, had been rudely thrust out of the court-house. The counsel for the claimant resisted strenuously the motion for adjournment and repeated the demand he had previously made for "prompt and summary" action. The Commissioner decided to adjourn the case till the next day at 4 o'clock p. m., which was done. The crowded assembly retired decorously, and the immense multitude around the house and in the street dispersed in good order.

On Tuesday, at the appointed hour, a dense crowd again filled the streets, and the doors of the court-room were besieged by an eager throng, clamorous for admission. The same scenes were repeated that had been enacted the day before. The ladies who presented themselves, having friends to make interest for them, were admitted, as were also such gentlemen as our counsel were able to find places for. On the other side there seemed to be less difficulty. The fact that an applicant for entrance was a medical student from the South seemed to be an "open sesame," and "pimps, gamblers and rounders," to quote the language of one of the city police, appeared to have easy access. "The devil is good to his own," you know.

The proceedings in the afternoon were opened by a short but well-considered and effective speech from Mr. Hopper, in which he announced his conclusion to withdraw from the case. The testimony of the previous day had disclosed some facts which, having gone into print, must inevitably produce an impression unfavorable to the character of the Court for impartiality. He had felt it his duty to seek a private interview with the Commissioner, and, calling his attention to the facts, to ask him to transfer the jurisdiction of the case to another court, where it could be taken up *de novo*. This the Commissioner had declined to do. He doubted not that he would make an explanation of his conduct in the matter that would exonerate him from all blame; but his (Mr. Hopper's) course through the rest of the trial must be that of a passive, though not uninterested, spectator.

Mr. Earle followed the motion of Mr. Hopper with a telling speech in the same direction. He imputed no corrupt motive to the Commissioner. But the proper administration of justice required that a judicial tribunal should, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion. As for himself, he could admire, but could not imitate, the consistency of his colleague, Mr. Hopper. He must stick to his client to the last, let the case take what shape it might; but he trusted that, out of self-respect and from a proper regard for the purity of the judicial ermine, the Commissioner would see fit to transfer the jurisdiction of this case to another tribunal.

Mr. Peirce followed in the same strain and with eloquence.

Brewster, taken aback by this unexpected move, became much excited. Forgetting his propriety, he allowed himself to become vituperative. He denounced the conduct of the counsel for the respondent as "indecent and immoral." They had "ceased to coax and had resorted to bullying."

"The conduct of these persons," said he, "is beyond all precedent, insolent, evasive and arrogant; and never was the dignity of the profession so draggled through mire as in the contemptible concoction of the opposing counsel. It is the product of last night's labor, and its intention is to strike justice in the face, and set precedent at defiance. I speak advisedly when I say, in the presence of one Commissioner beside yourself, that you have done nothing more than your duty. Mr. Rogers, by command of the law, presented himself before you. By the law of the land, before you could issue your warrant, it was your province to instruct the man. I came here not to indulge in camp-meeting oratory, but to speak of what is law. I want only such action as that of Judge Kane or Judge Grier. How dare a Commissioner to issue a warrant to seize the body of a man unless that warrant be a perfect document? Before the entire Judiciary, such conduct would receive a rebuke. What you (the Commissioner) have done is done every day by magistrates everywhere. I do not come here, like the opposing counsel, to blurt out sentimental nonsense, but to fulfil the mandate of the law."

Mr. Peirce responded to Mr. Brewster. He might not be able to cope with his learned friend in Billingsgate, but in questions of law and justice he needed no instruction from him. He knew what was due to a pure administration of justice; he knew what precedent required in such cases, and, without any impeachment of the motives of the Commissioner, he must say that any one, on reading the testimony as published, would incline to the suspicion that there had been improper collusion between the claimant and the Commissioner, and that the latter had acted in the double capacity of counsel and judge.

The Commissioner, it is due to him to say, showed no signs of perturbation under this raking fire; on the contrary, he maintained his equanimity in a manner that was surprising for a novice on the bench. After some remarks on points not relevant to the issue, he said:

"As to the motion itself, a more singular proceeding he had never heard of. Had he supposed the examination had been conducted with any such view, he would have asked the witnesses some questions which would have wholly changed the aspect of affairs. He had meanwhile prepared a written statement, which he would present. He had been called upon by the claimant and the assistant counsel to commence the proceedings in the case. The only paper submitted was a power of attorney. He turned to the act and found that the power of attorney was not authenticated properly, and, as the applicant was an attorney, informed him so. This is the only paper shown to me on Saturday. Mr. Bogue may have been in my office; but if so, I did not see him, and I examined no papers except the power of attorney, which I was bound to see. On the second occasion they brought to me a new power of attorney, a record and a copy of the will. I chanced to see the record first, and I conceived that I was doing nothing more than my duty in examining it before issuing the warrant. And I should say that if any unknown man came before me for a warrant, it would not be the proper way to issue the writ until I had first seen that the preliminaries were complied with. In the testimony there was nothing whatever that would justify me in relinquishing the case, even if the act of Congress authorized me to do so. I therefore overrule the motion."

The case went on. Mr. Earle demanded that the witnesses for the defence should be admitted to the room, and be allowed the same privileges as were accorded to the witnesses for the claimant.

Mr. Brewster opposed this as irregular and contrary to usage. The administration of justice required that the witnesses should be admitted one at a time.

"Mr. Commissioner," shouted Mr. Earle, "this is not to be endured. Are we in Pennsylvania, or are we in Virginia? Shall these Virginians be allowed to sit here from day to day and hear each other's testimony, and shall our witnesses, Pennsylvanians, colored though they be, who are here to testify for liberty, be excluded? Sir, we have had enough of Virginia practice and overseer manners here. Something is due to our self-respect as Pennsylvanians. I demand that these witnesses shall be admitted, that we may know they are on hand and that we may see them face to face."

An order was sent to bring in the witnesses. Your correspondent was desired by Mr. Earle to take a message to insure their coming. He passed through the gate of the bar, but found so much obstruction in the way of his egress through the door that he turned to come back. At the gate he was refused readmission. His relation to the case was made known to the officer, as it had been twice before that same day, but not until after some parleying was he allowed to re-enter. "Mr. Earle," said he, "you must find some other messenger to do your errand. I have been insulted often enough, and will not subject myself to the same treatment again."

"Mr. Commissioner," again shouted Mr. Earle, "we are insulted at every turn. I have just sent a gentleman with a message to our witnesses, and he is met at the door with rudeness and insult, and that from officers insolent with power and armed with revolvers. If this be not stopped, self-respect will compel me to retire from the case."

A profound silence ensued. Deputy Marshal Jenkins explained that the officer at the door was not aware of the business of the messenger or his relation to the case.

The witnesses were introduced, and seats were placed for them. This was done by the officer, apparently on the principle that any place would do for niggers.

"I object," said Mr. Earle, "to any invidious distinctions being made in this court-room. We are in Pennsylvania, not in Virginia. I demand that our witnesses shall be as well seated as were the witnesses on the other side."

"Where will you have them seated, Mr. Earle?"

"Just where the Virginians sat."

"The Virginians sat there" (pointing to eligible seats near the bar).

"Then there let our witnesses sit."

Five gentlemen, apparently Southern men all, were called upon to resign their chairs, which they did, and the five colored witnesses took their places.

Wm. M. Jones was called, and a tall, stalwart, venerable-looking colored man took the stand. He objected to taking an oath and was affirmed. Mr. Jones was 66 years of age; had lived in Harrisburg since 1823; was minister in the Methodist Church; had followed a variety of pursuits in his life; had been in a drug store and learned to compound medicine, and now followed "doctoring" as a business; had known Daniel Webster since the early part of 1853.

At this point, the witness being unable to see Daniel distinctly, his place being on the opposite side of the room, the prisoner was brought over and placed among the witnesses. Mr. Earle desired that his client should be seated close to his counsel. Mr. Longstreth so ordered. Mr. Brewster objected. Judge Crawford had refused, the day before, in the Sickles case, a similar request. "That was in a trial for murder; this man is charged with no crime."

The Marshal objected to the prisoner's being removed from the direct custody of the officers who were guarding him. He was responsible for his safe-keeping. Mr. Earle insisted on the counsel's right to have their client near them. The Marshal would accede if Mr. Earle would be responsible. "No, I will not be responsible." Then he must remain in direct custody of the officers. The Commissioner suggested that the officers could sit near Mr. Earle. "I don't want them beside me, nor will I have them. We have a right to converse with our client without being overheard." It was finally arranged that one officer should sit near the prisoners; but not needlessly (that is within pistol-shot, but not within earshot).

Again the case went on. Mr. Jones knew that Daniel was in Harrisburg in 1853, because he had built a house that year, and Daniel had helped him dig the cellar; he had known him well from that time to the present. A receipt-book, which he presented, enabled him to fix the date of the digging of the cellar beyond a doubt.

Mr. Jones was cross-examined at great length by Mr. Brewster, to test his memory. His life had been an eventful and interesting one; his recollection of dates was subjected to a severe ordeal, but he went through it admirably, producing a most favorable impression on the minds of all in the court-room, his examiner included. Mr. Brewster catechized him for two hours and a half and then dismissed him; not, however, before paying him the compliment of saying that he believed him to be a "truthful and conscientious man."

James A. Smith was next called. James, in secular things, is porter at Mr. Johnson's book store, and, in religious, a minister of the Baptist persuasion. Had known Daniel ever since 1848; knew him first in Baltimore, afterwards in Philadelphia, and subsequently in Harrisburg. James was somewhat flippant in his testimony, and in a case of less solemnity would have been considered a wag. As it was, he bothered Mr. Brewster nearly as much as the younger Weller did Sergeant Buzfuz.

James T. Francis and George W. Hall were the last witnesses called for the defence. These testified to having seen Daniel at Harrisburg in 1853, and to having been at a party with him at the new house of Wm. M. Jones on Christmas eve of that year.

The testimony for the defence here closed, and the Commissioner announced his purpose of finishing the trial before rising. Mr. Earle requested that the man should be measured. The allegation of the claimant was that he left Virginia in "November, 1854," and that he was "*5 feet 7 or 8 inches in height.*" He proposed that the Commissioner should be the one to measure him. The Commissioner proceeded to do so. Mr. Brewster desired that his boots might be taken off. Objected to by Mr. Earle. The Commissioner said he would take his dimensions with and without his boots. This was accordingly done. With his boots the man stood 5 feet 10 inches in height; without, 5 feet 8 and 9-10ths.

Marshal Jenkins was called to rebut the testimony of James A. Smith, who had sworn that he saw Daniel in Philadelphia in 1848–49. Mr. Jenkins would testify from Daniel's admissions to him that that could not be the fact.

Mr. Earle objected strenuously to allowing an officer to testify to any words that might have been uttered by the prisoner in confidence and while under duress. Objection overruled, and Mr. Jenkins sworn. He, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Taggart had made the arrest. They were armed with Colt's six-barrelled revolvers, loaded; had drawn their weapons when in danger of a mob; had manacled Daniel at Harrisburg, but had removed the handcuffs at Lancaster and had kept them off till he came to Philadelphia; Daniel had expressed surprise at finding Philadelphia so large a place, and, in answer to a question, said that he had never seen the city before.

James Sullivan and Isaiah Bryan were called successively, and deposed that they had heard the prisoner say to Mr. McKim at the Marshal's office that he had never before been in Philadelphia. James Sullivan was Deputy Marshal for this occasion. Wm. Logue, another extemporized Deputy, testified to having heard Daniel say that he had never been in Philadelphia.

This was the close of the testimony, the hour being 12 1-2 o'clock. A moment's recess was taken, during which a few persons left the house; but the ladies all kept their seats, watching the proceedings with unfaltering interest.

Mr. Brewster commenced summing up, which he did with his characteristic ability. Bad as was his cause, it is but just to say that his speech, in point of clearness and force, was not unworthy of his professional reputation.

He was followed by Mr. Earle, who took the floor about 2 1-2 o'clock in the morning, greatly exhausted by his labors and vigils. Nevertheless, he made a most searching and eloquent address. He referred to the extraordinary spectacle then under their gaze. A Court in session all night trying the question of an innocent man's right to liberty—armed officers ready to hurry a man born free into hopeless bondage—spectators from Southern plantations, looking on to applaud the wit of their chosen pleader—the absence of everything that ought to give solemnity to the forms of justice—sneers at "rhetorical flourishes" and heartless demands that the advocates of this poor man should "talk professionally," should "talk like lawyers." Such was the spectacle before them, and such the language to which they had been compelled to listen.

Mr. Earle went on to expose and denounce the infamous Fugitive Slave law; to rejoice in the advancing spirit of freedom in the Northern States; and to exult that the time had passed by when Pennsylvanians would crouch and cringe to the domineering spirit of Southern slavery. With admirable tact he gave these general reflections a particular bearing upon the case in hand, and, after speaking near an hour, took his seat.

Mr. Peirce followed; and although it was near 4 o'clock in the morning, he entered the lists as fresh as if the battle had just begun. I will not attempt to give even the briefest outline of his admirable speech. As a legal argument and as a popular appeal it was in the highest degree creditable. He followed the line pursued by the counsel for the claimant, and was able to meet him at every point; and he made out a case for his client, on the ground of the record, which, to a stickler for the letter of the law, seemed all that could be required.

It was after 5 o'clock, and day had begun to dawn when Mr. Brewster made his concluding speech. It might—if it were not a parodox—be called an eloquent plea for slavery. He made the most of a bad cause; he managed it with a zeal and an ability worthy of a better one. His blood was up; he was irritated; his professional reputation was at stake. To the appeals of his opponents for justice, he had nothing to answer but the "demands of the law," and on this he rang his changes:

"I crave the law—
The penalty and forfeit of the bond."

He forgot his vaunted gentlemanly bearing and boasted moderation. At the opening of the trial, he had complimented the "next friend of the slave" for his dignity as a witness; now, at the end, he sneered at what he called that witness's "officious testimony." Then he felt called upon to make an exculpatory statement as to his connection with the case; now he wound up his peroration with language of very different character: "I said on Saturday that this was the first case of the kind I had ever undertaken; I now say, *so help me God, it shall not be the last*, if another should ever be offered me."

With Mr. Brewster's speech terminated the trial. It was now within 10 minutes of 6 o'clock. We had been in session since 4 the preceding day. The sun had sat and risen again upon our proceedings. The friends of the slave had kept their seats without signs of uneasiness. The Marshal dozed; the Commissioner's eyes grew heavy; the witnesses slept; the prisoner, having spent the three previous nights in weary vigils, could keep awake no longer; the officers rested their heads on the ends of their maces, and the doorkeepers slept at their posts. But Mrs. Mott, Mary Grew and the 20 or 30 other women who were in the room sat erect, their interest unflagging and their watchfulness enduring to the end.

The Commissioner adjourned the Court till 4 o'clock p. m. of the same day, at which time he said he would give his decision.

By noon, the interest of the community had reached a point of intensity that was painful. Of this you may judge when I tell you that the revival prayer-meeting in Sansom street intermitted, for that day, their prohibition of "controverted subjects" and allowed a petition to be put up to the God of the oppressed for the deliverance of Daniel.

At 4 o'clock the court-room was filled by such as were favored to get in; the streets were filled, and all were waiting to hear the death-knell of the poor prisoner. The Commissioner commenced reading his decision and the silence was audibly profound. I will not repeat the contents of that document. Your readers will have seen it for themselves. Not doubting what would be the conclusion, the first part of it seemed to be an addition of insult to injury. But as it went on, its tone changed, and the thought arose, there yet may be hope. He said it was "not only a question of property that was at issue, but that it involved *the liberty or bondage of a human being.*" His hard voice seemed to have a ring of silver in it. A few more sentences foreshadowed what was coming. "Thank God" were the words that were leaping to every mouth, and "thank God" the expression that beamed from every glistening eye. The feeling was too intense to wait for the conclusion. It broke out in demonstrations, which with difficulty could be suppressed, till the words were pronounced—"I order the prisoner to be discharged." Then you should have seen the bursts of emotion from the women and heard the hurrahs from the men. A window was thrown up and the good news conveyed to the crowd by the wave of a handkerchief. It was instantly understood, and then went up the shouts in deafening bursts of exulting hurrahs, and the whole city was in a blaze of joyous excitement. The colored people called for Daniel and he was handed out to them, a free man. They almost killed him with embraces and congratulations. He was placed in a carriage that stood near; the horses were taken out; as many as could find places took hold of the tongue, and, in less time than it has taken to tell it, he was carried down the street in a blaze of glory.

Such was the end of this exciting and, in some respects, extraordinary slave case. It is felt on all hands to be a glorious triumph; a proof that old things have passed away; a harbinger of better things to come. Many causes are assigned for the result; there is but one that can rationally account for it. That is, *the twenty-five years' steady presentation to this community of anti-slavery truth.* The counsel did well—all of them equally well in their way; the ladies did well; our friends at Harrisburg did especially well; but it was the informing power of the anti-slavery enterprise, which has been at work systematically for the last quarter of a century, that achieved the triumph.

This was the best tried slave case that I have ever seen; and I believe I have had the melancholy satisfaction of being present at all that have occurred in this city in the last twenty years. It was conducted with distinguished ability by the counsel on both sides, and I think it no more than justice to say the same thing for the Court.

Now that the excitement is over, and when cool discussion must begin, we should be careful to guard against all improper reflections, either in the way of praise or blame of those who were concerned in it. Of the Commissioner we have nothing to complain except that he *is* Commissioner. How any man with a heart in his bosom, and especially how a man born and bred as John Cooke Longstreth has been, can accept such an odious office, can perform its hideous functions, and can sit in judgment on an innocent man's right to liberty, is almost past comprehension. For the inhumanity and wickedness of intelligently accepting such an office and voluntarily performing its functions our language has no adjective too strong.

But when this is said, it seems to me there is no call for further condemnation, so far as this case is concerned. Mr. Longstreth tried the case with dignity, with ability, and with almost cruel impartiality. He endeavored to be "impersonal" on a question of humanity, and almost forgot what was due to himself and to his kind in his sense of obligation to the law. Happily he did not quite succeed. He had virtue enough to do right in the last extremity, and thus saved himself from the gulf that was yawning to receive him. His pseudo friends, though ever magnifying the authority of the law and its magistrates, are loud in his condemnation. Their conduct is preposterous. Mr. Longstreth's decision was a logical necessity. He could give but one answer to the claimants on their own premises: "Your man, you say, left you in November, 1854, and was 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high; *this* man, it has been proved on credible testimony, was in Harrisburg in the year 1853, and is, by my own measurement, *5 feet 10 inches high*; you have not made good your proof of identity, and I am bound to discharge the prisoner." No case could well be clearer.

As for the witnesses, there was a striking equality on both sides. They had five and we had five. Their first was a Doctor, and our first was a Doctor. Their Doctor came with his fee-book under his arm, and ours came with his receipt-book under his. Their Doctor stood a half-hour's cross-examination very well, but our Doctor stood a two hours and a half's trial still better. They had a Baptist as well as we; but though our Baptist was perhaps no better than he should be, he had a big heart of humanity in his bosom, and was not the traitor to his kind that the Virginia Baptist was proved to be. Against the slave-trader Bogue, we had no one on our side base enough to be a set-off.

By the way, on this point let me tell you one or two little facts that happened as by-play in the case.

Bogue didn't value very highly the services of his Baptist coadjutor as witness. He was heard to say, "Gulick's testimony would have all been well enough if it hadn't been for his d—d religion." Bogue told the truth better than he supposed when he said that.

Our Baptist man was a good enough witness in intention; otherwise he was not perfect. The best justification, perhaps, that can be given of his course is to tell the story of the man, of whom his case reminded our friend Purvis.

"Are you quite sure," said Mr. Purvis to a warm-hearted fellow who had sworn with some positiveness to a date favorable to the freedom of a prisoner who was claimed as a slave, "that you saw the man at the time you said you did?" "Well, no, Mr. Purvis, I am not quite sure, but I considered it my duty to give de prisoner de benefit of the doubt."

When the Court adjourned, after the Commissioner's decision, a remark was made by Mr. Brewster that is worth repeating, as showing the drift of public sentiment. Our colored Baptist brother aforesaid, who was much elated, spoke to Mr. Brewster, who was not elated, in a manner regarded by the latter as "impudent," and which was resented accordingly. After expressing his mind pretty freely and in terms commensurate with his feelings, Mr. Brewster turned to the by-standers, and added, in the tone of a man that would not be put down, "a white man still has some rights that a black man is bound to respect."

But I must force myself to stop, before my letter reaches a length that will be altogether unpublishable. I had intended to add some account of a public meeting which was held to clinch the nail that had been driven by the Commissioner's decision; but I have left myself no space. Suffice it to say, we held the meeting, on Friday evening, in Sansom Hall. It was large and enthusiastic. Wm. B. Thomas presided. Wm. S. Peirce, J. M. McKim, Robert Purvis, Mary Grew, Mr. Buxton and Mr. Brunner were the speakers. The mob came to put us down. They were on the point of succeeding, and of taking possession of the hall, when the Mayor's police came in and suppressed them. "I will preserve order," shouted the Chief of Police, "if it be necessary at the expense of life." The ring-leaders were arrested and order was restored. It was the first pro-slavery mob we have ever seen put down by the authorities in this city. It was another victory. Mayor Henry has behaved like a gentleman and a conscientious officer, and his Chief, Mr. Ruggles, has done his duty. The day of Pennsylvania's redemption draweth nigh.

M.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

The Cause—A proof of its soundness—Miss Remond's visit to Dublin—Mr. Robson—Miss Remond's Lectures—Her success—Absence of invidious distinctions—Dr. Foley and his book—Dr. Hancock—Miss Remond's health—A warm winter—The Neapolitan Exiles—Thanks to Mr. Whipple—Dr. Pomroy and the American Board, &c.

DUBLIN, 25th of March, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

It is time I should acknowledge the favor you have done me in entering so fully and condescendingly into the task of clearing up some of my doubts and difficulties, my feelings of discouragement and want of faith respecting the position of the cause. You remember that when I sent my last letter, I privately suggested that you had better not make it public if it was likely to stagger the confidence of others by suggesting the apprehensions which I myself expressed. I regard it as an additional proof of the soundness of the grounds on which the Anti-Slavery enterprise rests that such a letter as mine should have been published by you at all. The cause finds its great strength in the inherent stability of its principles, not in the greatness of its array or the strength of its champions. Feeble friends and bitter enemies are all allowed fair play. All are invited not only to say their best in its favor, but their worst to its disadvantage, in the unwavering confidence that, in the end,

The right shall ever come uppermost,
And ever be justice done.

As your Dublin correspondent, it is time I should tell you that, for some weeks past, we have had Miss Remond amongst us. To her visit I was indebted for the great additional pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Mr. Robson, of Warrington, as he very kindly escorted her from his own house to mine, which was, in my view, no small proof of substantial friendship, since, in order to do so, he had to cross the fretful, tumultuous Irish sea, which, though only 60 miles wide between Holyhead and Dublin, is yet so tossed and uneasy in rough weather that many have traversed the Atlantic with less experience of inward dissatisfaction. I was greatly pleased with Mr. Robson's short visit. He struck me as having all the solidity of character and depth of conviction which are requisite to form a consistent, persistent Abolitionist—one of those men by whom the world is pushed onwards, to win whom to your side is more substantially important than the more noisy adhesion of a host of ordinary men.

As to Miss Remond, she has well sustained the credit of her family. She was cordially welcomed here as the sister of her brother Charles, who was so popular in Dublin and did the cause so much service here eighteen years ago. Heigh ho! how the time flies! I wonder whether he would know us now, if he paid us another visit. Going round among his friends, he would see many gray heads and some fine long patriarchal gray beards, and the children that played with him have grown up into men and women—some of the latter married, some of the former with beards of their own and faces as grave and thoughtful as any of their ancestors. Miss Remond was at first our guest, but (fortunately for her) there happened to be illness in our family, which obliged her to take refuge elsewhere, and accordingly she was promptly invited to a house full of descendants of the Edinburgh Wighams, the very snuggest, most cordial and most comfortable for an ocean-tossed Abolitionist in all Dublin. Verily, her lines when there were set in pleasant places. This city has been described as the "car-drivingest, tay-drinkin'est, play-goin'est town in creation." For the "play," I fear she had not much opportunity, for her hosts are good Friends; but she had a real Irish car to take her to see whatever was to be seen, *tea galore*, and a cordial Highland welcome. It is pleasant to see how complete is the equality, how entire the absence of invidious or painful distinction which a well-mannered colored person experiences here. I suppose if the extent of the contrast between your country and our own were better known, that we should have a greater number of colored visitors. It must be like the enjoyment of a new sense to experience the utter absence of that cruel and maligant prejudice which so galls and worries the sensitive mind in America that it is sufficient to create the abasement and inferiority of mind which it attributes to its victims. Miss Remond has already delivered three lectures in Dublin, and another is in prospect in the vicinity. Two of these were delivered in the Rotunda, the principal building for public meetings in the city. The first was free, and was so crowded that large numbers had to go away disappointed. At the second in the Rotunda there was a charge for admission and the attendance was also very considerable. General satisfaction was expressed with the language, self-possession and whole bearing of the lecturer. Several Professors of the University were present and took part in the proceedings on both occasions, and one of them, the Rev. Dr. Foley, formerly a Romish priest, took the chair at the second lecture. To Miss Remond's visit I am indebted for my acquaintance with this gentleman, who, a year or two ago, paid a three months' visit to the United States, of which he gave an account, in an extremely interesting little book, which I have since read with great satisfaction. I know of few which give such full and unqualified anti-slavery testimony, and of none that affords anything like so much curious and valuable information respecting the condition, position and prospects of the Irish in the United States. He shows that the tendency of my countrymen, when removed from the despotic authority of their clergy, is to shake off the trammels which hold them with an iron hand at home; so that, although the exodus from Ireland to America has been greater than from any other nation, except, perhaps, Germany, the increase of the Church of Rome in the United States is by no means commensurate with the number of her children who land upon your soil. Dr. Foley mentions another very remarkable circumstance. He says that the number of Irish in the United States who speak the Irish language (the purest and most important branch of the ancient Celtic) is probably greater than of those who speak Irish in Ireland. This little book is admirable for the spirit of fairness by which it is pervaded. He does full justice to the really free and noble institutions of your country and to the scope which it offers to the white emigrant. Whilst decidedly "evangelical," he is candid and allowance-making to those who differ from him, and his criticisms of the Episcopal Church in Ireland evince a degree of pluck rarely to be met with in one who is not yet high up the ladder of clerical promotion. When to all this are added a portly presence, a pleasant face, an impressive and graceful action, and a fine rich Irish brogue, I rejoiced to see Miss Remond kept in countenance by such an honest, outspoken coadjutor, who has proved his faith by his works. Another speaker to one of the resolutions on this occasion (of which you will find a pretty full report in *The Anti-Slavery Advocate* for April) was Dr. W. Neilson Hancock, formerly Professor of Political Economy on Archbishop Whately's foundation in Trinity College. He is one of the most useful men in Ireland, has acted as Secretary to several Government Commissions of Inquiry on subjects connected with Education, and, furthermore, is a son-in-law of James Haughton. I was particularly gratified by Dr. Hancock's public admission that whereas he used to have little faith in the benefit of an anti-slavery agitation, his distrust had been removed since the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had so powerfully arrested the attention of the civilized world. Although Miss Remond had to pass through an ordeal of some able and fastidious criticism on this occasion, she acquitted herself to great satisfaction. I have no doubt that her visit to Europe will be a great benefit to the anti-slavery cause; and if it should produce results elsewhere equivalent to those which it has effected in Warrington, where her first visit was paid, the projectors of the new mode of raising funds for the cause in Boston will have reason to be thankful for her success. I hope she may ere long become somewhat acclimatized, for I regret to say her health has not been so good as at home. But in this respect she has been no worse off than many who have never been out of Ireland. Such a winter as we have had—no snow whatever—no ice as thick as a sixpence—and the temperature so mild that all coal merchants who had not large contracts, and all dealers who laid in large winter stocks of woollens, must have had a sorrowful time of it. Seriously, I fear that the absence of seasonable cold and bracing weather has lowered the tone of general health. I have never known a winter so like summer or autumn, nor have I heard that the memory of the oldest inhabitant has been able to reach back to such a season.

You have heard the strange story of the Neapolitan exiles landing in Cork. I have some friends there who have seen and associated with several of the principal among them, and they describe them as very noble and attractive gentlemen. A few days ago a *Cork Southern Reporter* reached me containing a long letter from one of them, the Duke di Cabellino, in which he gave a full and touching account of their long and cruel imprisonment. This paper I sent to Sidney H. Gay, in the hope that this narrative might find its way into *The Tribune*, and perhaps be the means of initiating some subscription in New York for the benefit of the exiles. In England they will get a cordial reception from high and low. As they land in batches on the quay of Bristol, they are welcomed by vast multitudes, who accompany them through the city and hail them with enthusiastic acclamations. A subscription list has been commenced, headed by some of the principal nobility, which will doubtless realize a very large sum for the benefit of the exiles.

The editor of *The Anti-Slavery Advocate* begs you to thank Mr. Charles K. Whipple, of Boston, very heartily for the timely letter he has just furnished to that paper respecting Dr. Pomeroy, one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who has just been starring it in England as a collector for the Turkish Aid Society and a "real anti-slavery man." The Leeds Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society were greatly stirred up by his presence in their town, and were all alive to the importance of putting such Abolitionists through their pacings, and Mr. Whipple's letter supplies them with the weapon they require, ready to the hand and as keen as a Damascus sabre. I have been rejoiced by the vigor and energy they have shown in this matter, and am in great hopes that they will prove potent auxiliaries to the American Anti-Slavery Society, with whose principles and mode of operation they seem to be in full sympathy. To the best of my knowledge and belief it is to the Rev. Edward Matthews that the cause is indebted for these valuable and energetic adherents.

I am yours truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

FREE CHURCH.—The Rev. George F. Noyes, late of Chicago, preached in Hope Chapel, last Sunday afternoon, a discourse explanatory of the principles and objects of the Free Church Movement which it is his purpose to inaugurate in this city. He is an excellent speaker, having a clear head, a warm heart and a ready utterance; and he grasps the living topics of the time with a spirit so free and uncompromising, that his ministrations cannot fail to meet the wants of that large class of persons whose very *religiousness* drives them away from the popular Churches. He will preach again to-morrow, at 3 1-2 p. m., in the same place, when his subject will be "Religion and Politics."

Summary.

John Mitchel's paper, *The Citizen*, draws this moral from the result of the recent slave case in Philadelphia, that "no slave-owner will ever more recover a runaway, or stolen negro, from any place north of Mason and Dixon's line."

The Albany *Evening Journal* says that, under its new prospectus, the name of the Washington *Union* is to be changed to *The Constitution*. This, adds *The Journal*, is after the fashion of pirates, who hoist the flag of the nation they mean to plunder. Under its former title, the paper has done its best to distract and divide the Union, and under the latter, we suppose, it will pervert and assail the Constitution.

The man threatened with lynch law at Holly Springs, Miss., was not a Bostonian, as was reported, but was Thomas S. Young, of Philadelphia, and bore a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* is indignant at such treatment, since "the Fugitive Slave law has always been faithfully executed in Philadelphia." Subserviency fares no better than resistance.

STATUE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—It has been proposed, and the proposition meets with favor among many prominent members of the Legislature, to appropriate $10,000 from the State Treasury for the procurement of a statue of the "old man eloquent," to be placed within the State House grounds. The suggestion has been made that Mr. Thos. Ball be secured as the artist to perform the work.—*Boston Transcript, April 5.*

WHOLESALE POISONING IN VIRGINIA.—A letter from Lexington, Va., March 31st, to the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, says: "This community has been thrown into a state of extreme excitement by the poisoning of Dr. Junkin, President of Washington College, and his entire family, on the night of the 20th of this month. The poison used was arsenic, and was put into cream used at supper, by a negro of the Doctor's, named Billy. All the family, including Dr. Junkin, Mrs. Fishburn and her child, Miss Fishburn, George Junkin, Jr., and a young student, named Anderson, were poisoned, but the dose administered was so large that its acted as an emetic, thus saving their lives."

A correspondent in Georgia writes to *The Tribune* that Mr. Hazard, of Providence, who was insulted and struck by the slave-trader Lamar, a few days since, in Savannah, on suspicion of having written a letter to a Providence paper, was threatened with a coat of tar and feathers, and that telegraph notices were sent to various places to warn others to be on the look-out for him in those places. The correspondent further says that Mr. Hazard "is a quiet, amiable person, in poor health, and was quite taken aback at the abrupt charge," which, we understand, was entirely undeserved.

PROBABLE ESCAPE OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—Night before last, between ten and eleven o'clock, as the Newport ferry-boat left the landing on this side of the river, a negro, having a valise in his hand, rushed from the engine-room and made an attempt to leap from the boat to the landing. Some persons who were near, however, just at that moment spoke to him, and, although he might with ease, under any other circumstances, have reached the shore, the caution bewildered him, and he fell into the river. He floundered about for some time in the water, but at length escaped from the embraces of the stream and ran up the bank with an energy which would have led any one to believe that his destination was Canada West.—*Cincinnati Press, April 2.*

The New York *Courrier des Etats Unis* reiterates the story of an intended invasion of Cuba, and says that one vessel has already sailed with a company of emigrants who propose to take part in the operation. We do not think it possible that men can be found so insanely bent on their own destruction. The fate of any such adventure is not a matter of doubt. No revolt in the island could succeed, and to send out men on such an enterprise is little short of murder. According to the *Courrier*, these emigrants propose to establish themselves on the south side of the island, where they will maintain themselves till reinforcements shall arrive, and till the resident population shall rise against the government. It is also affirmed that the fillibusters have the promise of the President that the government of the United States will treat the movement as a revolutionary contest, and will not interfere to prevent further aid from going from this country.—*Prov. Journal.*

FOR 1959.—While perusing the following paragraph, we desire our readers to fancy themselves inhabitants of this mundane sphere "a hundred years hence," and also fancy that they are reading the account of an occurrence one hundred years before:

On the second day of April, in the year 1859 (one hundred years ago), a man, while quietly purchasing provisions, was seized in the market place at Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, by armed officers of the law, and hurried through the streets to the railroad, to be conveyed to a distant city, there to undergo an examination on a charge of having escaped from a widow woman who claimed him as a slave in the Commonwealth of Virginia, the native State of General George Washington, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Revolution, when the united Colonies revolted from Great Britain, which was then a monarchy. They were successful in fighting to sustain a declaration that all men were endowed with the right to "life, LIBERTY and the pursuit of happiness."—*Chester Co. (Pa.) Times.*

O'BRIEN AND MITCHEL.—The *Independent South* (Griffin, Ga.), in giving an account of the visit of Mr. Smith O'Brien to that place, says that:

"He expressed dissent from his friend John Mitchel's positions upon the African slave trade and Union questions. Mr. O'B.'s opinions upon these subjects may be influenced by old country prejudices."

John Mitchel's paper, *The Citizen*, thereupon, is disposed to pardon much of Mr. O'Brien's ignorance and inexperience, but thinks that "if he stays much longer in the country, he must see that we are bound to buy slaves in Africa (the Virginia ones being too dear), and that the Union has become a mischievous imposture."

It is clear that the well-stocked Alabama plantation is among the things "afar off unattained and dim" to the patriot Mitchel, without a very marked reduction in the price of "niggers."—*Tribune.*

THE WHITE SLAVE ELLEN.—The white slave woman Ellen, who has fared so well recently in New York and Philadelphia, arrived here last evening, on her way to Fredericksburgh. Her father is a prominent white citizen of that place, and, unknown to Ellen's friends in New York, was present in the city to watch over her interests. He would have instantly paid the thousand dollars himself to rescue his daughter, but the late monetary panic ruined him, and he could not command the money. He has always acknowledged Ellen to

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE FROZEN PAVE.

Up, up Life's hill we climb—
Down, down Time's slope we glide!
We trip on steep of time,
We slip on frosty rime,
For evil must betide.

Yet verdant is the hill,
And fruitful is the slope;
Blossoms the spring-time fill;
Summer, if rich in will,
Doth strengthen faith and hope.

Think! had we ne'er a fall,
As up we buoyant climb—
If naught of pain or thrall
Our footsteps should befall
Upon the downward rime—

Should we know all the good
That dwells in effort—will?
Even in joyous mood,
Sated with luxury's food,
Would this our natures fill?

True, innocence is sweet,
Lovely, and calm, and pure;
But doth this blank state meet
Soul-wants?—make life complete?
Or must we strive?—endure?

And win stern Virtue's crown?
Plaited as 'tis with thorn,
Our hearts would fling it down
But for her conscience-frown,
Less gentle than at morn.

Less gentle than at morn,
As up time's hill we climbed;
Why are we bramble-torn,
Why bruised, and battle-worn,
If soul be not sublimed?

Thus fitted for a sphere
Where there shall be no rod!
For Evil is not there!
Else sorrow still would mar
The Paradise of God.

Philadelphia, Feb. 19, 1859. A. P. C.

A COURT FAVORITE.

To this hour, English history and English biography are silent upon the rise and fall of the late Lord Bloomfield, for many years the favorite of George the Fourth. The particulars of their connection remain unrelated, though unknown. We are in a gossipping vein to-day, and shall give a few of them:

Lord Bloomfield owed his rise to the accident of his having played well on a good violoncello, and his fall was occasioned (of course) by a woman. When we say "of course," we are bound to explain, and do it by anecdote. Every one who can read has read "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and every one must be familiar with the name of Haroun Alraschid, the Eastern monarch. "Once upon a time," as the story-books have it, he was sitting in his Divan, when the intelligence arrived that his favorite builder, in repairing one of the minarets of the principal mosque, had fallen off the ladder and broken his neck. Haroun heard the intelligence, and commanded his Vizier to inform him, within four-and-twenty hours, who *she* was by whom this fatal accident had been caused. Monarchs in the East are rather absolute, and, as the Grand Vizier knew that he would probably be a head shorter if he did not supply the required information within the stipulated time, he quitted the Divan with a very heavy heart. The morrow came, but he was unable to satisfy the Caliph as to the *She* who had caused the builder's death. As a special favor, he obtained a respite of a week, and, at the expiration of that time, had been so successful in his inquiries that he was able to go before the Caliph without apprehension. "Well?" said Haroun. "My Lord," replied the Vizier, "the builder was on the ladder, and as a beautiful Georgian slave was passing in the street beneath him, he turned round to look at her—his foot slipped—he fell down, and was found dead, when your Highness's attendants picked him up." "Very good," said the Caliph. "I knew that my builder's death had been caused by a *she*, for there never yet has occurred anything of importance, in this world, but a *woman was at the bottom of it!*"

Oddly enough, one woman indirectly caused Lord Bloomfield's elevation, and another more directly caused his fall.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, married, on the 8th of April, 1795, to his cousin, Caroline of Brunswick, had previously been married, in 1787, to Mrs. Fitzherbert, who had at that time been already twice a widow, and was then "fat, fair, and forty." At her suggestion he adorned Brighton (a petty fishing village when he first patronized it) with that *tasteful* erection—the Pavilion. After his marriage to his cousin, his first and real wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert discontinued more particular intimacy with him for some time; but they sometimes met, in society, on the simple terms of mutual friendship. The Prince of Wales was very fond of music, and, indeed, was himself a very fair amateur performer. He was fond of having concerts at his residence, whether in town or country, and—to the credit of his patriotism and good sense be it said—always preferred native to foreign talent.

It happened that, in 1806, when the Prince of Wales was at Brighton, he gave one of his amateur concerts, and, just as the performance was about commencing, the "first violoncello" was taken so suddenly and dangerously ill as to be compelled to leave the Pavilion. The Prince was exceedingly annoyed, because he should have to disappoint his friends, and (what to him was worse) to disappoint himself. At this crisis, Mrs. Fitzherbert remembered that she had heard that there was an artillery captain, then at Brighton, who could play remarkably well on the violoncello. One of the gentlemen-in-waiting was sent to command his company and that of his bass fiddle. They came. The artillery officer was an Irishman named Bloomfield; and as he really did play remarkably well, the Prince complimented him upon his play, and was so much pleased with his manner that he invited him to dine at the Pavilion the next day. Captain Bloomfield also played whist—a game in which the Prince delighted—and, having shown some skill, as partner to the Prince, received an intimation that his company was desired at the Pavilion "every evening until further notice," as the play-bills say. In three weeks he was appointed gentleman-attendant to the Prince of Wales. When that personage became Regent, Bloomfield was made his Clerk Marshal and Chief-Equerry. In 1815, he was knighted, and afterwards received the Grand Cross of the Bath, and also of the Guelphic order. In 1417, on the resignation of Sir John McMahon, he was made Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, and Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse to his patron, who was then Prince Regent.

All this time his military rank was running on, and there appeared no man more fortunate than Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, the Prince's favorite. It seemed as if the ball was completely at his foot. He was in such favor that the Prince Regent went nowhere without him. Wealth flowed in—for, somehow or other, Royal favorites *do* get handsome presents from people who sue for their "good word," and the Prince was very liberal.

In January, 1820, poor George the Third departed this life. For ten years he had been in a state of confirmed lunacy, but there is no doubt that, even as early as 1765, he was visited with intermittent fits of insanity, that most dreadful of all visitations. To this cause, no doubt, must be attributed that obstinacy, that wrong-headedness, which precipitated the independence of the American colonies; which finally continued the war, with immense and unjustifiable sacrifice of blood and treasure; which hurried England into the war with France, kept up by that "heaven-born minister," Pitt, to keep himself in office and exclude his rival, Fox; which, with untiring and unaccountable bigotry, refused equal political rights to the Roman Catholics; which, in short, from the commencement to the end of his reign, pursued the most narrow-minded policy. This unfortunate aberration of mind—this alienation of all intellectual faculties—was indeed, medical men tell us, by the dreadful complaint (scrofula, in its worst form) to which the present Royal Family of England have long been subject. In George the Third, the bodily disease was suppressed, and his mind suffered; in George the Fourth, the disease manifested itself on his person (hence his invention of the *stock*, which conceals the glands of the neck, where the disease breaks out, as a substitute for the low neckcloth, previously used), and his mind was free. To this complaint may be traced the habitual restlessness—the constant longing for new and varied excitement—the unrepressible desire to move from place to place—the proverbial inequality of temper, which have been noted as the characteristics of the Royal Family of England.

The Prince of Wales became King in name; he had exercised the regal power, as Regent, for ten years previous to his accession. Who but Sir Benjamin Bloomfield then? The new King was taken so ill immediately after his accession that the courtiers did not well know what to do. To worship the rising sun is a rule of practice with them, as it is with the Persians. They were between the horns of a dilemma. They would fain win the favor of the Duke of York, Heir Presumptive to the Throne, and they did not like to pay him any extra attention while there was a chance that the King's illness would not terminate fatally. To whom, then, could they apply for information as to the King's health, except to his friend Sir Benjamin Bloomfield? He was literally besieged with inquiries—and he answered them, *exactly as the King told him.* Perhaps the Duke of York himself was in the secret. At last, it was understood that George the Fourth, then only a few weeks a King, was not likely to live more than a few hours. Away rushed the Court-flies to pay homage to the Duke of York—the Frederick the First of their new idolatry. And when the parasites had departed, when he saw how very few had the decency to remain until his demise had really taken place, George IV. drove from Windsor to St. James's, and from St. James's through the fashionable streets to Hyde Park, with the Duke of York by his side, and Sir Benjamin Bloomfield opposite him. Oh! how the sycophants—the lip-royalty people—the parasites, must have been astonished when they saw the King, whom they believed on his death-bed, vigorous with renewed health, and the Duke of York, to whom they had been paying their devoirs, in anticipation of his future favor, merrily telling the King what a sort of false-hearted people all the courtiers were! Among the few who remained true was Bloomfield—and it seemed as if there would be no limits to the regard and friendship which the King entertained (or professed) for him. But who can fix the wheel of fortune?

Bloomfield, like Cardinal Woolsey, soon had to say,

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness."

To bear out the theory of Haroun Alraschid, he lost his place through *a woman!*

It is notorious that the late Marchioness Conyngham was "the favorite" (to put the matter in the gentlest term) of George the Fourth. Long after she had passed the hey-day of youth—long after she had lost even the traces of beauty—this "right honorable" lady revelled in the favor of the man whom Cobbett called "The Big Sovereign." His Majesty was said to have had a *penchant* for rather ancient beauties; and perhaps his liking for the Marchioness was caused by his admiration of her bulk. George IV. was one of the stoutest and most unwieldy men of his day, particularly in his later years, and his overgrown Hebe surpassed most of her sex in stature and rotundity. We need not pause to say how much this lady's family and connections profited by her friendship for the Big Sovereign; the number of honors, places, pensions and sinecures lavished upon them exceeds accurate enumeration.

The Marchioness was very fond of jewels, and, shortly after the accession of George IV., longed for a set of diamonds which Rundell and Bridges valued at £80,000. She asked her Royal friend to purchase this set and make her a present of it. He would have done so if he had the money to spare, but (like all his family) he was very fond of money, and, though he did not mind running largely into debt, had strong objection to parting with even a sixpence of hard cash. The jewellers, too, to whom he was largely indebted, declined letting him have the diamonds on credit. At this crisis the Marchioness suggested to the jewellers that they should give her the diamonds, and charge the price in their bill for the expenses of the Coronation. They consented to do this. The jewels were accordingly supplied, and sparkled, in due course, on the extensive person of the Marchioness Conyngham. The people were to be saddled with the payment of this £80,000. Yet, if any newspaper had dared to question the propriety of this nefarious swindling, the Attorney-General of the time would certainly have prosecuted it for LIBEL and SEDITION!

Bloomfield, who was desired to explain the matter to Lord Liverpool, the Premier, had an interview with him. With many weaknesses, Lord Liverpool had something like a conscience. "Pay eighty thousand pounds for a set of diamonds for the Marchioness," said he, "and charge the amount among the Coronation expenses! Tell the King that I shall do no such thing. If he makes expensive presents to his female friends, let him pay for them out of his own pocket. The people already pay quite enough to him and his." All this, though true, was so uncourtier-like, that Sir Benjamin Bloomfield was positively afraid to mention it to the King.

By and bye, when the jeweller's Coronation bills came in for payment, Lord Liverpool drew his pen across the item of eighty thousand pounds for diamonds to the Marchioness. The jewellers then forwarded their account to the King, who sent for Bloomfield, and asked him why he had not settled the matter with Lord Liverpool? There was nothing for it but to confess that, months before, Lord Liverpool *had* been spoken to, and had refused to pay the amount. "Then," said the King, "why not have told me so at the time?" The result was the dismissal of Sir Benjamin Bloomfield. But, as he knew more of the secrets of Royalty than was desirable, his fall was broken by his being sent, September, 1824, as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Sweden (where he remained until the death of George IV.), while, as a further favor, he was raised to the peerage of Ireland, in 1825, as Baron Bloomfield. He died August, 1846, aged 85, a general in the army, and colonel commandant of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, though he had never seen one half-hour of actual military service since he was a subaltern. His son, the present Lord Bloomfield, was ambassador to Russia, from 1844 to 1851, and from that time to Prussia. In the event of expected retirement, on a pension, it is probable that Lord Napier may succeed him.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

BY CAROLINE WESTON.

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you."—*Gospel of St. John.*

In vain in proud Judea now
We seek her Temple's door;
Where stood the ancient Synagogue,
Its place is found no more.
The splendors of her votive train,
Her nobles' pageants gay,
Chief Priest and Scribe and Pharisee,
Alike have passed away.
Yet are enduring records read
Upon the breathing page,
Where faithful witnesses have told
The terrors of that age,
When one who spake with Godlike power
The hills of Israel trod,
And joyfully the faithful hailed
The promised Son of God.

Now let the spirit backward turn;
The world around grows dim;
We hear from yonder stately fane
The full and swelling hymn,
And see the eastern Sun pour down
His bright and fervid ray,
Where hosts of kneeling worshippers
Hallow the Sabbath day.

Who rises mid the crowds that throng
The place—a surging sea—
To read the pure and searching word
Of ancient Prophecy?
Who feels not, as those accents fall,
Startling the heavy ear,
Soothing the heart with grief oppressed,
The promised Savior near?

"The spirit of the Lord is mine;
His vows upon me rest
To preach the Gospel to the poor
And heal the wounded breast:
To say to them who wear the chain,
And feel the Oppressor's rod,
The chained and suffering ones of Earth,
'Deliverance comes from God.'"

A moment paused the living mass,
Hushed by the tones of might,
Nor vainly fell the prophet-words
Of ancient truth and right.

Then rose the clamor fierce and loud,
The roar of rage and scorn,
The rich man's scoff, the sinner's curse,
Of pride and malice born;
And some who felt, as Jesus spoke,
Their hearts confess his sway,
And knew the heavenly message *true*,
In terror turned away.
For who may cry through Israel's coasts
THE CAPTIVE SHALL GO FREE:
Who dare deliverance to the *Slave*
To preach in Galilee?

* * * * *

Long ages pass whose rolling years
Are marked by direst crimes,
But still the Savior's words console
Mid evil tongues and times;
And as they roll, the Gospel spreads
To empire's farthest bound;
The lonely islands of the sea
Have heard the joyful sound.

But in all lands, mid swelling hate,
The Heralds of the Cross
Their blessed tidings must proclaim,
With suffering, shame, and loss.
Fulfilled the Savior's warning words
Through latest time shall be;
"The world shall still my *servants* hate,
Even as it hated me."

But now, from fair Judea's hills—
From persecution's age,
Whose Martyr Zeal still sheds its light
On History's bloody page,
Turn we to Freedom's chosen home
Beyond the rolling seas;
Here Truth may freely pour her voice
Upon the mountain breeze.

Here riseth o'er some pilgrim graves
Full many a stately fane,
And haply here, in holy hearts,
The truths of God remain.
Alas! as erst in Galilee,
Upon the Sabbath air,
The thronging crowds are pouring forth
The hypocrite's vain prayer.
And now Christ's *faithful* servants here
Must walk with DANGER grim!
Who brooks amid our priestly train
Companionship with him?

They coldly hear the captive's moan,
They bind anew his chain;
The widow and the fatherless
May breathe their prayer in vain.

In vain beyond the ancient hills,
Where western prairies spread,
The herald of deliverance falls—
The martyr's blood is shed.

But fear not, faithful band and true!
Your Father's word endures,
His throne in Righteousness shall stand,
His Kingdom shall be yours.

December 19, 1837.

THOUGHT is free!
Chainless as the unfathomed sea,
Buoyant as the breath of Heaven,
Rapid as the gleaming levin,
It was born before the light,
And will last beyond the night.

Thought is free!
"Free as air men's thoughts should be,"
So English Alfred said;
So did preach the martyr'd dead
In the land in times of old,
Where truth bravely yet is told.

THE NEGRO CREW.

Our brig left the sickly shores of Africa on a mid-summer's afternoon. It was the rainy season, and though the sun shone upon our departure through a sky of dazzling blue, yet rain had been pouring down in torrents during the forenoon. Our vessel seemed to be in a dilapidated condition, albeit she had left England in good repair. She had been up the river for wood, and was much battered about whilst taking in a cargo of African teak and mahogany, for the loading of which there were no proper conveniences in such an outlandish part of the world. These species of wood are of greater specific gravity than water, in which they sink like a piece of lead, so that the brig was very heavily laden. The shipping of the cargo, and the intense heat of a tropical sun, had peeled the paint off the ship's side, and gave her a most ungainly appearance; but she was water-tight, which is not always the case with vessels leaving this fiery region in the *dry season.* If proper attention be not then paid to wetting the deck and sides, the solar beams open their planks and burn up the caulking, so that they have sometimes been in danger of foundering on their voyage homeward. We were detained in the river by matters concerning the crew, most of whom were sick, and some were obliged to be left behind. There were, therefore, few white hands fit for working, and the authorities required the captain to take several black sailors, more, indeed, than he was willing to employ.

As we were leaving, two additional seamen were put on board as passengers to England. They belonged to a schooner, which had been recently wrecked on the African coast. The crew of the ill-fated vessel had sailed in good health, with the usual bright anticipations of soon reaching their native land, but they were detained on the sultry coast by calms and baffling winds. Unable to get out to sea, and oppressed with the sickly atmosphere which reached them from the shore, they had fallen victims, one by one, to the African fever. Two only remained alive, and they were in a weak condition, so that, being unable to manage the vessel, it drifted ashore, became a wreck, and was plundered by the natives, who nevertheless assisted the survivors of the crew to reach the nearest British settlement, whence they were forwarded homeward by the government. The feelings of these poor fellows may be better imagined than described when they saw their shipmates daily dying off, and at last found themselves alone, drifting about on a lee-shore, without the possibility of helping themselves. Morning after morning they mustered up courage to throw the dead body of a friend into the sea, and turned away in disgust from the sight of the greedy sharks contending for their prey. Morning after morning the same tropical sun poured her vertical rays upon them, as the ship lay helpless like a log upon the waters, and the sultry, vitiated atmosphere dried up body and soul, and warned them of a coming doom. But the breeze which drove their vessel upon the breakers saved them from destruction. They then seemed so depressed in spirits that one would have thought they would never go to sea again; but such is the elasticity of the human mind that it soon rises above its distresses, and again braves similar dangers to those in which it had well nigh sunk.

We almost feared that we should meet with the same fate as the crew of the schooner, and that the two rescued ones would experience a second tragedy. Our brig was too unwieldy to make any headway by tacking against the light sea-breeze which usually blows in the daytime; and the night land breeze was very faint indeed. However, we gained a few miles before morning. It was then that I first knew the whole of our perilous circumstances. The captain came to consult me about two of the men who were "down again." The African fever first assails the body in a violent form; but if this "hot stage" can be broken, it becomes intermittent, and is more manageable, the only danger being that of a relapse. When an early intermission can be obtained, the disease is quickly conquered by quinine (which is our sheet-anchor in West Africa), especially if aided by wine and good nursing. These men had come on board from the hospital, being convalescent, and they ought to have remained quiet till fairly out at sea; but having wrought with the others in getting the brig under weigh, eaten heartily of sailor's fare, and slept in a close cabin on a suffocating night, they were now likely to have a severe relapse, being already in a burning fever. The first prescription was "five and fifteen," with plenty of hot gruel. Every sailor knows what is meant by "five and fifteen"; but lest any landsman should be curious in such matters, we may inform him that it implies five grains of calomel and fifteen of jalap, a dose of no small potency. These means had their desired effect, and by the next morning the fever was "broken."

All day we were stationary on the water, panting under cover of an awning. After another oppressive night, I rose with daylight, and, huddling on some clothes, went on deck to see what progress had been made during the night. The low shore of Africa still loomed astern, and we seemed destined never to leave the "white man's grave." Whilst brooding upon it with some melancholy, the captain came up saying, "Another hand down!" and, putting on a long face, he informed me that his medicine chest was very low, as he had been unable to get his bottles replenished in Africa. I believe that he had never tried, or that he grudged the expense; for the authorities would never have sent him away, or even allowed him to depart, at such a season and with a sickly crew, without sufficient medicine. But he was a regular niggard. Fortunately for us all, this part of his imprudence was of no evil consequence, as I had a good supply of physic, and a quantity of wine had been put on board for my use, being the only cabin passenger. Under these circumstances I forthwith took charge of the sick, having had some practical experience of African fever. That morning, to our great joy, a spent tornado helped us seaward, and in a few days we reached the Cape Verde Islands. This is the point aimed at by vessels leaving that part of Africa, for here they fall in with the trade wind. Our brig was now like a hospital; and if it had not been for the blacks, there would not have been hands enough to trim the sails. But these sable fellows, whom I directed the captain to feed well, wrought incessantly and with the utmost good humor, and a stout negro lad, in my own service, lent a helping hand.

The sun was setting gloriously in a cloudless sky whilst we leaned over the bulwarks, gazing upon the first of the Cape Verde Islands. We did so with intense interest, wondering if the flapping sails would enable us to clear the point, or if we should be condemned to spend another night in the same oppressive atmosphere. The point was at length gained, and, as we saw the ocean on the other side of the land, we suddenly caught a whiff of the open sea breeze. It was as life to the dead. I stood inhaling the pure breath of heaven, which I had not tasted for a long time, and felt it to be like a zephyr from Paradise; for though during the larger part of the year the air in Western Africa is dry, yet it has then a very sultry feeling. It appears to be always either devoid of moisture or soaked with it—either roasting or stewing. The continent of Africa is so vast that its atmosphere is felt two or three hundred miles out at sea. Quantities of fine sand have fallen upon vessels two hundred miles from the coast; and during the rainy season ships' crews have been seized with fever without having landed. Seamen do not consider themselves in a healthy latitude till they have passed to the westward of Cape Verde Islands, where they catch the trade wind. This wind obliges them to steer northward, usually till they reach the western isles, nearly half way between England and America, where they fall in with westerly breezes. Sailing in the trade wind is delicious, so steady is the vessel, so pure the atmosphere, so bright the heavens; and at night the deep blue sea sparkles with fire, from countless millions of phosphorescent animalcula. In one night after this change, the invalid crew became convalescent, and in a few days they all recovered. So steady is the trade wind that the sails did not require to be shifted for many days, and the men had plenty of time to recruit their strength, being only engaged in mending the gear of the vessel.

The negro sailors had now their holiday. The captain had many disputes with me concerning their character, for he was a selfish and prejudiced fellow; and though he had some good samples of the African race before his eyes, sufficient to controvert all his arguments against them, yet still he persisted in abusing this unfortunate people.

"I tell you," he exclaimed, "they are all cheats and rogues."

Upon being asked if he had ever tried to make them better, he acknowledged that he had not.

"Well, suppose they were to follow your example," said I, putting some emphasis upon the word *your*, "and that of the whites who go up the rivers for wood and ivory, would they be any better than they are?"

He hesitatingly confessed that the example of many Europeans would not improve the negroes.

"I tell you what, captain, these poor blacks have learned the white man's tricks and vices, and now you cannot cheat them so easily as you used to do, for they pay you back in your own coin; and so you are inconsistent enough to abuse them because they are ready learners of your own roguery."

Guessing that I might have heard something about his own ways and doings, he thought it most prudent to make no reply, except by a shrug of the shoulders.

The conduct of our negroes on board told greatly in favor of their race, and even the captain sometimes relented in his anathemas, and even praised their fidelity. Though he often bantered my black servant, and teased him in every possible way, the lad was always ready to lend a hand at the ropes or capstan, even without being solicited.

"That lad would risk his life for mine, captain, and you could not say this of all your countrymen."

"Would he?" replied he, doubtingly.

"Yes, in truth. Jack, come here. Suppose I were to fall into the water, would you jump in and pull me out?"

"Master, I would try," was the ready answer.

The captain seemed thoughtful, and as he gazed upon the strong frame and sparkling eyes of the swarthy youth, he almost seemed to feel the force of the sentiment, "O, virtue, how amiable thou art!"

"It reminds me," said he, "of the negro crew, and their melancholy voyage, which occurred some years ago. One of the very men is now on board this vessel—that blackey at the foremast. Come here, Joe."

Joe ran to know what was wanted.

"Tell this gentleman about your first voyage to England."

Joe blushed through his black skin, and tried to begin, but hesitated and could not find English words ready enough for the narrative. But from the captain and man I gathered the following account:

Joe was one of several negroes put on board an English vessel, under circumstances similar to those in which we had sailed. They were raw sailors, having only been accustomed to navigate small craft up the river or along the coast. They could pull a rope, and hoist or reef a sail, and they understood enough English to obey such instructions—and little more. Some of them had learned to read the compass, and to steer the vessel by it, according to orders. One only could take any management of the ship's tackling.

It was the first time that Joe had gone out to sea, and seen the wonders of the mighty deep. The voyage was a melancholy one. Through calms and contrary winds, the vessel could not get away from the fatal coast of Western Africa. The white sailors sickened, one after another, and died. The mate soon perished; and as they at length proceeded on their voyage, the crew diminished until the captain and negroes alone survived. The former had spent himself with superintending the vessel, and tending his sick comrades; and having caught the fever from some of his dying crew, he was unable to rally. Daily sinking under the disease, he felt that he must soon die. It was well for the negroes that he maintained his mental faculties to the last, and could still instruct them how to guide the ship. But his final hour was approaching. He then called around him the disconsolate crew, and addressed them with tears: "I must soon die. My poor fellows! I am very sorry to leave you alone in the middle of the sea, as you don't know how to sail to England. But it can't be helped. Steer the vessel north for days, and then east, by compass, and that will bring you somewhere near England. You will probably meet some ship coming out; then hoist the union-jack upside down as a signal of distress: they will board you, and take you into some port. And may God Almighty preserve and bless you, poor fellows!" After bidding each a long farewell, the captain retained the best-informed of the negroes, and gave him his keys and the ship's papers. "And there is a box of gold-dust which belongs to the owners: you will give it to them; and here is a bag of dollars, which belongs to myself: if you ever get to England you will give it to my wife!" "Yes, massa," replied the sailor, "me gib him with me own hands. God bless massa!"

What strange thoughts at that moment possessed the heart of the gallant captain! The negroes—the ship in mid-ocean, without a pilot—his home and family in England—his grave in the sea—and the wide expanse of eternity on which he was launching! What thrilling subjects for a dying hour! He breathed his last, and was entombed, as he had directed, in the watery abyss.

When the negro crew had performed the last sad office for their gallant master, they felt themselves alone indeed. The prospect before them was cloudy and cheerless. But they had health and strength, and they could keep the vessel a-going. They steered in the direction that had been pointed out to them, and day after day strained their eyes, looking for an unknown land, or for a strange sail to heave in sight. At last, to their great joy, a vessel was discerned in the distance. They bore down upon it, hoisted the signal of distress, and made all other signs possible to attract attention. Providence had directed them aright. They were near England, and the vessel which they saw had come out of one of the southern ports, and now approached and hailed them, in answer to their signals. "What's the matter? What do you want?" The blacks shouted, "We for Massa Fossa, Lonnon! we for Massa Fossa, Lonnon! which way we go?"

The English could not understand them, but soon perceived that there were none but negroes on board a British vessel. "None but blacks! unable to speak English! Who were they? Were they pirates, who had killed the crew and seized the ship?" Still the negroes shouted, "We for Massa Fossa, Lonnon!" They were boarded, and the logbook and ship's letters soon disclosed the real state of things. A mate was left on board to take them into the nearest port. Here the same astonishment was excited; and, after quarantine had been performed, the vessel was thronged by curious persons, who came to see the black crew, and hear their strange jargon. A gentleman soon came down from the owners in London, to take possession of the ship and its valuable cargo, and bring it up the Thames.

The negro to whom the captain had given his dying orders then produced everything committed to his care. He gave the box of gold-dust *untouched*, and then mentioned the bag of dollars. "Give them to me," said the gentleman, "and I shall hand them over to the captain's widow." "No," said the faithful negro; "when Massa Captain die, he told me to gib 'em to him wife, and me gib 'em to no one else." When, therefore, they reached London, the widow was sent for, and she received the bag of money, and everything else that had belonged to her husband, with the account of his death (as well as they could give it), and his last message of love to her.

"Well, captain!" said I, when the narrative was ended, "how many *white* sailors would *you* trust with a box of gold, a bag of silver, plenty of good clothes and other traps, and hope that they would be honestly delivered without having been fingered?"

Finding that I had again caught him with a fact in favor of the negro character, he turned away with an angry smile, and called his monkey to play with.—*Leisure Hour.*

A NEW ANECDOTE BY THE "OPIUM-EATER."

THE little Carnarvonshire child in "We are Seven," who is represented as repelling the idea of death under an absolute inability to receive it, had completed her eighth year. But this might be an ambitious exaggeration, such as aspiring female children are generally disposed to practice. It is more probable that she might be in the currency of her eighth year. Naturally we must not exact from Wordsworth any pedantic rigor of accuracy in such a case; but assuredly we have a right to presume that his principle, if tenable at all, must apply to all children below the age of *five.* However, I will say *four.* In that case the following anecdote seems to impeach the philosophic truth of this doctrine. I give the memorandum as it was drawn up by myself at the time:

My second child, but eldest daughter, little M——, is between two and three weeks less than two years old; and from the day of her birth she has been uniformly attended by Barbara Lewthwaite. We are now in the first days of June; but about three weeks since, consequently in the earlier half of May, some one of our neighbors gave to M—— a little bird. I am no great ornithologist. "Perhaps only a tenth rate one," says some too flattering reader. O dear, no, nothing near it; I fear, no more than a five hundred and tenth rater. Consequently, I cannot ornithologically describe or classify the bird. But I believe that it belonged to the family of finches—either a goldfinch, bullfinch, or at least something ending in *inch.* The present was less splendid than at first it seemed. For the bird was wounded; though not in a way that made the wound apparent; and too sensibly, as the evening wore away, it drooped. None of us knew what medical treatment to suggest; and all that occurred was to place it with free access to bird-seed and water. At length sunset arrived, which was the signal for M——'s departure to bed. She came, therefore, as usual, to me, threw her arms round my neck, and went through her ordinary routine of prayer: namely, first the Lord's Prayer, and finally the four following lines (a Roman Catholic bequest to the children of Northern England):

"Holy Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a little child;
Fity my simplicity;
Grant that I may come to thee."

M——, as she was moving off to bed, whispered to me that I was to "mend" the bird with "yoddonum." Having always seen me taking laudanum, and for the purpose (as she was told) of growing better in health, reasonably it struck her that the little bird would improve under the same regimen. For her satisfaction, I placed a little diluted laudanum near to the bird; and she then departed to bed, though with uneasy looks reverting to her sick little pet. Occupied with some point of study, it happened that I sat up through the whole night; and long before seven o'clock in the morning she had summoned Barbara to dress her, and soon I heard the impatient little foot descending the stairs to my study. I had such a Jesuitical bulletin ready, by way of a report upon the bird's health, as might not seem absolutely despairing, though not too dangerously sanguine. And as the morning was one of heavenly splendor, I proposed that we should improve the bird's chances by taking it out-of-doors into the little orchard at the foot of Fairfield—our loftiest Grosmere mountain. Thither moved at once Barbara Lewthwaite, little M——, myself, and the poor languishing bird. By that time in May, in any far southern country, perhaps the birds would be ceasing to sing; but not so with us dilatory people in Westmoreland. Suddenly, as we all stood around the little perch on which the bird rested, one thrilling song, louder than the rest, arose from a neighboring hedge. Immediately the bird's eye, previously dull, kindled into momentary fire; the bird rose on its perch, struggled for an instant, seemed to be expanding its wings, made one aspiring movement upwards, in doing so fell back, and in another moment was dead. Too certainly and apparently all these transitions symbolically interpreted themselves, and to all of us alike; the proof of which was—that man, woman and child spontaneously shed tears; a weakness, perhaps, but more natural under the regular processional evolution of the scenical stages than when simply read as a narrative; for too evident it was, to one and all of us, without needing to communicate by words, *what* vision had revealed itself to all alike—to the child under two years old not less than to the adults; too evident it was that, on this magnificent May morning, there had been exhibited, as on the stage of a theatre—there had passed before the eyes of us all—passed, and was finished—the everlasting mystery of death! It seemed to me that little M——, by her sudden burst of tears, must have read this saddest of truths—must have felt that the bird's fate was sealed, not less clearly than Barbara or myself.—*The Avenger, by De Quincey.*

THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE.

Born July 9, 1586—Died about January, 1588.

"This page, if thou wilt be a pater (parent-father) that reads it, thou wilt apardone me; if nocht, suspend thy censure till thou be a father, as said the grave Lacedæmonian Agesilaus."—*Autobiography of James Melville.*

ONE time—my soul was pierced as with a sword—
Contending still with men untaught and wild—
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child!

A summer gift—my precious flower was given—
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned—a weary man of strife!

With unformed laughter—musically sweet—
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss;
With outstretched arms, its care-wrought father greet—
Oh! in the desert what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart—
A few short months—else toilsome all, and sad;
But that home solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad!

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying—
(The prophet's gourd—it withered in a night!)
And He who gave me all—my heart's pulse trying—
Took gently home the child of my delight!

Not rudely called—not suddenly it perished—
But gradual faded from our love away!
As if, still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld—and day by day!

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly he used me for His own—
So beautiful he made my babe's declining—
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done!

And daily to my board at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in Heaven,
Gazing the while on death, without its sting!

And of the ransom for that baby paid—
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth—of grief and gladness made
Our little lamb—by God's own Lamb redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves—my wife had nourished,
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand—
Marking how each the other fondly cherished—
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand!

So tame they grew, that to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast!

'Twas a fair sight—the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild;
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping—
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!

Still, as he sickened seemed the doves too dwining—
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away!

His mother found it—when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn—with sense of nearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too—as if of its heart chill!

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo;
To my dead child, and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained—and parted too!

'Twas my first "hansel"* and "propine"† to heaven!
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod—
Precious His comforts—once an infant given—
And offered with two turtle doves to God!

—*Lays of the Kirk and Covenant.*

*Present. †Earnest, pledge.

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

PÆSTUM, February 12, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I wish you were here to partake of the pleasure I am now enjoying. We came, yesterday afternoon, from Naples to Cava, and thence to Salerno—about 30 miles—and thence, this morn, in a carriage, 24 miles, to this site of the ancient Greek city of Pæstum.

I am now, at this hour of noon, seated upon a mass of rock, the ruin, no doubt, of some building, in front of what is called the Basilica, and just so as to command the best view of the Temple of Neptune, within sight of another temple, one-fourth of a mile off, that seems to stand in a line with these. The Temple of Neptune is the most entire, and is in every respect the grandest and most beautiful of the three. I shall bring home pictures of these most interesting ruins, and therefore shall not attempt here any description of them. They are all three strictly Grecian buildings, of the Doric order, bearing, therefore, a general resemblance to each other; and yet each has peculiarities that give to it an interest of its own.

I cannot describe what I am seeing; I can only tell you some of the feelings that are coursing through my bosom.

These buildings cannot be less than 2,500 or 3,000 years old. They tell of scientific attainments, artistic skill, æsthetic taste in some respects equal, in others superior, to those of our day. They tell of a large population once dwelling upon this beautiful plain. But no other vestiges of them remain, not even their burial places. Nothing remains of this once populous city but portions of the wall that surrounded it—heaps of stone, which indicate where there were a theatre and an amphitheatre, and the foundations and pillars of these three beautiful temples.

We have lingered around these ruins for hours, admiring the beauty of their proportions, and longing to extort from them some more information of their origin and demolition, and of the history and overthrow of those by whose hands they were reared. But, although so full of expression, they were dumb; and we must leave them as we found them, silent witnesses that here a populous city once stood, which pestilence wasted, war emptied of its inhabitants, and time has well-nigh obliterated. Mosses and plants of various kinds are gradually creeping over these walls, and covering the floors they enclose. Lizzards—emblems of desolation—are seen continually running in and out of the crevices that time has made in these walls and columns; and snails have planted themselves all about, as if assured that the foot of time will move more slowly than themselves in the utter demolition of these wasted ruins.

SALERNO, 8 1-2 o'clock.—We have gotten back safely to our hotel. We have refreshed ourselves by a good dinner, and our whole party—John Edward, Francis Sewall, and Mr. Galen Moses, from Bath, Maine—are seated at the table, writing to friends at home.

We all agree that the day has been spent delightfully. We rose at half-past 5, breakfasted at 6, and started in a good carriage, drawn by three horses abreast, at half-past 6. The sky was without a cloud, and the air bracing, but not cold, not colder than it is wont to be with us the latter part of May. Our road took us through a most picturesque country. The background was a distant range of ragged mountains, marked a-down their sides by volcanic action, and their tops covered with snow. Nearer to us we have seen hills green all over with the foliage of the olive trees; and immediately on either side of our road, for the first twelve miles, were fields under the peculiar cultivation of the Italian peasantry, the land thrown into ridges, and bearing wheat or oats, already several inches high, or beans, or lupins, or other garden vegetables, all as far forward as the same kind would be with us at the last of May. Every now and then our eyes have been regaled by the sight of orchards of orange and lemon trees, laden with their fruits, and one garden wall lined with rose bushes, some of them in flowers.

After twelve or fourteen miles, we came to more sterile or less well cultivated tracts of country, some of them lying waste, open to the road, and others traversed by herds of neat cattle and tame buffaloes, which seem to be used in the same way as cows and oxen.

Everywhere we have seen women and girls working in the fields, the same as men, digging, hoeing, ploughing, bearing heavy bur